

# CAREY'S LIBRARY OF CHOICE LITERATURE.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 24, 1835.

NO. IV.

PHILADELPHIA:—Published by E. L. CAREY & A. HART, corner of Fourth and Chesnut Streets.—Five Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

"You recollect Massieu, the Abbé Sicard's principal pupil. Another beautiful expression of his is mentioned in a Paris paper. He calls hope the 'blossom of happiness—*La fleur du bonheur*.'

"—Finished the first volume of your ancestor, Howell's 'Letters,'—very amusing. He has not a bad description of ingratitude in a character of the Italians: 'They care for no favours, but those that are to come.' 'Beware,' says he, of a speedy friend in France, and of a slow enemy in Italy.' Johnson's idea, that a ship was a prison, with the danger of drowning, is taken from Endymion Porter's 'Consolation to Howell,' on his imprisonment in the *Fleet*, and was originally suggested by the pun.

"February 2d.—I indulge in projects as to the mode of going home. What I should like best, is to go over-land, which is, I fear, impossible. The voyage from here to Calcutta is, you know, quick at the beginning of the Monsoon: I have some thoughts of going there. Numerous Americans come to Calcutta; in one of them I might go to take a glance at American juries, elections, &c., which are much in my line. If that plan, or rather project, fails, I shall get, in some way or other, to the Isle of France, and trust to fortune to get on to the Cape, &c. If I write the 'History of England,' the sight of America would be useful. I suspect, after all, that I have a better chance of being an historian than a law-giver; and perhaps the first is the most suitable to my character, and the most conducive to my happiness, but I shall always have a hankering after the last.

"8th.—I have now (three P. M.) sealed seven very large packets for you, one of which is a letter of twenty-seven pages; to which is subjoined an index to all the other packets, with their inclosures. This is work enough for one morning; and I shall now indulge myself in a lounge.

"Lord Erskine's letter, which I mentioned yesterday, is in a tone of affection, to which I hope his reception of you accords. That is the test by which I shall estimate friendship.

"14th.—Captain Williams, with Mr. Grindlay (the clever young man who acts), is just returned from an extensive survey of Guzerat. He confirms the account of the destruction of almost all female children, by the Jarejahs, a tribe of Rajpoots, of considerable consequence. They drown them immediately after birth, in milk, poured into a hole in the ground. Some few have been preserved. They procure wives from other tribes of Rajpoots. The motive which produces this barbarous usage is not very satisfactorily explained. They allege, as an excuse, the same combination of pride and poverty which made nuns of all poor gentlewomen in Catholic countries. They say that they destroy these daughters because they are unable to defray those great expenses at marriage which their rank requires. It is observable that here, as in almost all other cases where children are murdered, it is immediately after birth. To kill a child of six months old, would require a barbarity, even in a stranger (not to speak of a mother), of which human nature is very rarely capable.

"17th, Sunday.—Finished King William's reign in Tindal. My conviction is, that an entirely new view of his character and policy is necessary to the truth of history. The complicated nature of the affairs of a state in modern times, render the composition of history more difficult than before. It is not easy to weave domestic and foreign affairs into one narrative. Parliamentary debates, foreign war, colonial hostilities, factions at home, will scarcely be links of one story; yet they must be made so. Voltaire, by throwing them into separate chapters, has, in fact, treated the difficulty as insuperable. I must read, with care, Machiavelli, Davila, and Guicciardini, as observers of human nature, and models of historical composition. I become every day fonder of my historical project. I have something of that mixture of literature and business which must be allowed to be the best education for an historian.

"26th.—Malcolm brought Elphinstone to breakfast. We had an animated discussion about the importance of India to England. I contended that it was not of any great value. I observed that, of possessions beyond sea, the first rank belonged to those which, like North America, contributed both to strength and wealth; the second is to those which, like the West Indies, contributed to wealth, and created maritime

strength, though they did not supply a military population. India certainly ranks below them; nobody thinks of employing seapoys out of India. Great as it looks and sounds, it does not add so much to the empire as New England did.

"4th.—Read the first volume of Swift's letters, which give a much better idea of the times than the satirical pamphlet which he called 'A History of the last four years of Queen Anne.' They give a lively picture of the intercourse of a man of letters with powerful men. Swift deserted the Whigs from a resentment, not very unpardonable, at their neglect of his merit; but it was no justifiable motive of change; and he unluckily waited till the Tories were in power. Far, however, from betraying his former friends, he served as many of them as he could. He ably served, and wisely counselled, the new ministers. He appears to have recommended somebody to Addison, when Secretary of State. The recommendation does not appear; but Addison's answer is full of that generosity which, in spite of the rascally Wit of Twickenham, belonged to his excellent character. He tells Swift, 'I have always honoured you for your good-nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world.' In England, Swift is only an excellent writer, and an admirable, though not a very consistent, partisan; but, in Ireland, he is a venerable patriot,—the first Irishman who placed for his oppressed country. His statue ought to be placed beside that of Grattan.

"What a command of books does the History of England require! You know that Miss Hill supplanted her cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, in Queen Anne's favour, and changed the fate of Europe. Her brother became General Hill, and her husband, Lord Masham. From no book in my possession can I learn anything further about them; but that the title was extinct in 1796; and that the mother of Lord Masham, the daughter of Dr. Cudworth, was the Lady Masham, at whose house Mr. Locke passed the latter years of his life. It is a little strange, that the one Lady Masham should entertain in her house the great champion of a revolution which the next Lady M. so materially contributed to endanger.

"7th.—The decay of Swift's faculties, and the death of his friends, make the close of his correspondence very melancholy.

"At one supper, after he has sacrificed Addison to his Tories, he says, 'I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he (Addison) is.' How powerful must have been the charm of Addison's society, which thus triumphed over all the stern and proud prejudices of his apostate friend! What a good exchange of stations might have been made by Swift and Addison!—Addison would have been an excellent Dean, and Swift an admirable Secretary of State.

"Not being very well acquainted with the pamphlets of the civil wars, I cannot positively determine who was the first pamphleteer, that is, the first who had the art of writing for the reason and passions of the multitude. The first with whom I am well acquainted is Sir Roger L'Estrange, after the Restoration. He was a libeller for the Court, but his writings are so infected with the slang of a day as to be now scarce intelligible. His two most conspicuous scholars or followers were the Tory, or rather Jacobite Leslie, and the Whig, Daniel De Foe. The latter, by the application of the same popular talent to moral fictions, obtained the highest eminence in a more permanent sort of writing. Swift, especially in his 'Draper's Letters,' has attained the greatest excellence of the first kind of composition, which is, to be popular without vulgarity. De Foe produced Richardson, who has copied him in those minute strokes which give to fiction such an air of reality. De Foe, and perhaps also Swift, produced Franklin, who applied this familiar eloquence to moral and prudential purposes. Paine was the follower of Franklin; but the calm familiarity and almost sly pleasantry of the American Socrates were, in his disciple, exchanged for those bold speculations and fierce invectives which indicate the approach of civil confusion. Paine was the master of Cobbett, but the follower quitted forms and principles of government for abuses of detail and personal vices. From the accession of the House of Hanover to the American Revolution, the times were too happy for such writers. Wilkes wrote only for gen-

tlepen. The American and French Revolutions produced the same sort of talent and style which had originally sprung from the civil wars, and had reappeared after the deposition of James the Second. Whatever your Ladyship may be pleased to think of this history of pamphleteering, I would have you to know that I think it not amiss.

"I met this morning with two odd instances of change in the meaning of words. In the creed of W. Thorpe, an unfortunate Wycliffite, in the time of Henry V., he says that the three persons of the Trinity are of equal 'cunning,' by which, you know, he means wisdom; and in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey it is said, that the Treasurer of Calais, by his 'witty and discreet behaviour' in that office, and by his general 'wit and gravity,' obtained the favour of Henry VIII. What was the first instance of the limitation of the term wit to the modern sense of ludicrous fancy, I cannot tell. It must have been after Pope's definition—

'True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.'

By the way, was there ever a stronger instance than this of the second verse of a couplet written before the first?

"11th.—Read a curious old life of Sir T. More, just published from a MS. at Lambeth, by Wordsworth,\* the Archbishop's chaplain. Sir T. More set out as a philosopher and reformer; but the coarseness, turbulence, and bloody contests of Lutheranism frightened him. This most upright and merciful man became a persecutor of men as innocent, though not of such great minds as himself. He predicted that the Reformation would produce universal vice, ignorance, and barbarism. The events of a few years seemed to countenance his prophecy, but those of three centuries have belied it. His character is a most important example of the best man espousing the worst cause, and supporting it even by bad actions, which is the greatest lesson of charity that can be taught.

"23rd.—It is now about twenty years since I published my answer to Burke. It was not a brilliant dawn, but it promised a better day; we are now in the afternoon.

"30th.—Employed in a Dissertation for the Governor on the proper tribunal for the trial of non-military crimes, committed by natives in the subsidiary forces.

"31st.—Finished my juridico-military paper, which I read to Malcolm and Macklin, who were both satisfied.

"8th.—As the sessions begin on Saturday, I begin this morning to impregnate my mind with law.

"So recently is the taste for scenery, that a 'Tour through Great Britain,' published in 1762, speaks of Westmoreland as remarkable only for wildness; notices Winandermere only for its size, Ulleswater for char, and, at Keswick, passes the poor Lake entirely.

"12th.—Seven months from the date of the last London news.—A pause of unexampled length.

"30th.—The second speech by Mr. Burke, on America, was thought by Mr. Fox the best work of the master. The judgment was certainly right; it has the careful correctness of his first manner, joined to the splendour of his second; it was the highest flight of his genius, under the guidance of taste. Except a few *Burkeisms* in the noble peroration, it contains few deviations from beauty. The most characteristic of all his productions is the speech on the Carnatic; it contains the most sublime and the most distasteful passages.

"The chapter of Search, entitled 'Divine Economy,' is a very fine one. The object is to show that Hinduism and Christianity were most beneficial parts of the great progress of the human race, whether they arose naturally or preternaturally; to use his words, 'whether they be a part of the ordinary or the extraordinary providence of God.' The evil of this conciliatory system is, that it leads the wise to profess a belief in the opinion of the vulgar, and thus to hypocrisy, imposture, and Braminism. In Europe, I inclined to this scheme; in Asia, I return to reason, sincerity and liberty.

"31st.—I have just finished 'Pope's Letters,' probably for the last perusal. His last letters are much superior to his early and very puerile productions; but his best are, in matter and manner, much inferior to those of Swift. Shall I venture to own to you, that in mental power, I give him only the third place among the wits of his time? In talent, that is in power formed and directed by habit to one sort of exertion, his place may be higher. He had a greater talent for brilliant

and sententious verses than perhaps any of his contemporaries had for any other kind of literary excellence. I really think that his great merit is the same with that of a writer of maxims. His observations on life are both sensible and fine, but they are seldom his own; they have not the truth of immediate experience; and in his maxims, like those of his brethren, the truth is always in part sacrificed to the brilliancy; some part of the jewel is cut away in polishing. A talent very inferior to a man's general power of mind, especially when joined to mannerism, strikes me as a sort of knack. Estimated by the two great faculties of the human mind, his place must be where I have assigned it. Swift was as much above him in understanding, as Addison in imagination,—not to mention taste. Both Swift and Addison are more classical writers; that is, their writings approach more near to the models of beauty in their respective kinds.

"I have very few heresies in English literature. I do not remember any serious one, but my moderate opinion of Sterne.

"June 1st.—As far as I can recollect sensations, this day's heat is the most annoying which I have endured in India; it is now (five, P. M.) 93° in the Verandah. That, to be sure, is Nova Zembla to Muscat, where it was 101° at midnight in Sir William's\* cabin.

"We are all sighing for the rains and the ships. The delay of the latter is to me peculiarly provoking in this most critical year.

"I have resumed Massinger, after giving him up (as you remember) on board the 'Devonshire,' on our return to Bombay.

"18th.—Read the 6th number of the 'Quarterly,' which I shall not honour with such minute criticism as I have bestowed on the journal of my own 'faction.' In general it as much surpasses the 'Edinburgh' in taste and pleasantry, as it yields to it in reason and *feelosophy*; it is neither so instructive nor so popular.

"20th.—First day of term.

"Before I resume the business which I dislike, I will indulge myself in a few minutes' conversation with those whom I like.

"The review of Crabbe, in the 'Quarterly,'† is very fine; but, to say that there can be a poet without illusion, is a mere contradiction in terms. Crabbe is, indeed, without the common, and perhaps the most pleasing, sort of illusion; but he has his own illusions. Is there not a very beautiful ideal in 'Isaac Ashford'? What Cowper is in scenery, Crabbe seems to me to be in life and character. Cowper does not describe the more beautiful scenes of nature; he discovers what is most beautiful in ordinary scenes. In fact, Cowper saw very few beautiful scenes; but his poetical eye and his moral heart detected beauty in the sandy flats of Buckinghamshire.

"21st.—The best of Mrs. Barbauld's 'Notices'‡ is that of 'Rasselas,' in which she characterizes Johnson. She contrasts science with imagination; and seems to suppose that a man of great merit, who has not the first, must have the second. That Johnson had no science is very certain; but neither was imagination his predominant talent. Strength of understanding was his characteristic excellence. On religion and politics, his prejudices did not allow him *fair play*; and, in polite literature, his strong sense was injured by coarse feeling.

"22nd.—To soothe before court, and to refresh after it, I indulged myself in reading a novel of Charlotte Smith's, called the 'Old Manor House,' which I had never read before, or had totally forgotten. It interested me beyond its reputation, and, I was going to have said, beyond its power; I have seldom felt greater anxiety about the issue of events, which are improbable enough.

"Female genius always revives Mrs. Barbauld's generous mind. Her remarks on Mrs. Inchbald are excellent; what she says of Madame D'Arblay is excellent; and one sentence, contrasting the rapture of a first success with the languor and disappointment of more advanced years, is beautiful and affecting.

"July 1st.—A bleak and gloomy monsoon day. You have reached

Cresselly's 'parent dome;  
But me not destined such delights to share!—

"The burial scene, in De Foe's 'Account of the Plague,'

\* The Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. now Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

\* Captain Sir William Wiseman, Bart., R.N., who subsequently became his third son-in-law.

† Vol. iv. p. 281.

‡ Parrish Register, Part III. § In her collection of novels.



is terrible and pathetic, and the contrast between a father who has just seen his wife and children thrown into the pit, and a crew of tavern revellers, who passed by at the time in horrible gaiety, is in the highest degree masterly. It seems to have been the model which Richardson studied in some parts of 'Clarissa.' The account of the plague is said to have imposed upon Dr. Mead.

"Cicero said to Pompey, 'You should never have coalesced with Cæsar, or never quarrelled with him.' The first would have been honourable, the second prudent. Certainly a friend might say to me, you should either never have come to India, or have stayed there three years longer.

"4th.—Spanish America seems destined to wade through blood to independence—whether to liberty is another question. The mixture and mutual hostility of races, Europeans, creoles, mulattoes, Americans and negroes; the animosities founded on physical and sensible differences, strengthened by contempt on one side, and by envy and resentment on the other; the struggles of the new principles that naturally follow independence, with the power of the church and the nobility; the natural tendency of a new government towards democracy, and the peculiar unfitness of such a community as that of Spanish America for popular institutions; the vast distance, and the barriers of mountains and deserts between the various provinces; their long habits of being administered by governments independent of each other;—all these causes seem to promise a long series of bloody commotions. If the issue was certainly a good government, it might seem a matter of small moment to a distant observer, whether the insignificant and insipid lives of a hundred thousand creoles were twenty years shorter or longer; but, unhappily, there is no such certainty. On the contrary, the more blood is spilt by assassination and massacre, the less chance there is of establishing a free government. The evil is, that the survivors are trained to inhumanity and dishonesty; and thereby rendered incapable of liberty. A civil war is better than assassination and massacre; it has a system of discipline; it has laws, duties, and virtues; but it must end in military despotism. The example of Washington is solitary. Such are the speculations with which I try to amuse the languor of recovery.

"It blows a hurricane to-day, but the deluge has ceased.

"6th.—After breakfast I reperused, with great enjoyment, the first canto and a half of the 'Lady of the Lake.' In all vexations which are not great, I successfully apply to poetry for consolation:—

'Ever against eating carcs,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs, &c.'

"10th.—Considerably better. Such minute and ample accounts of the immorality of uncivilized men, are hardly anywhere to be found as in Southey.\* What a vast mass of cannibalism was the whole population of Brazil! To have replaced it by the most corrupt Europeans, was one of the greatest benefits to the world. The treatment of savages and half-civilized nations, by the discoverers and conquerors of the sixteenth century, compared with the conduct, in similar circumstances, of those of the eighteenth, is one of the strongest marks of direct improvement. But improvement never can be calculated by such short periods as centuries. It is enough if, after dividing history into periods of five hundred or a thousand years, every succeeding millenium is found manifestly to surpass that which went before it. I have often wondered that the Dutch—in Europe, a good-natured, honest, industrious, brave, and learned people,—should be so cruel and faithless in all their colonial policy.

"We now begin to be impatient for the 'Union' and 'Northampton.'

"*'Le soleil est le premier ami des vieillards,'* said Abbe Raynal to Guibert. Did he mean that I should try to be chief justice of Bengal?

"13th.—Half-past seven, A. M. Sessions. This will probably be my only leisure moment to-day.

"In order to give a composed dignity to my address to the Grand Jury, I have read the first volume of Robertson's 'History of Scotland.' I think the merit of Robertson consists in a certain even and well-supported tenor of good sense and elegance. There is a formality and demureness in his manner; his elegance has a primness, and his dignity a stiffness, which remind one of the politeness of an old maid of quality, standing on all her punctilios of propriety and prudery. These peculiarities are most conspicuous in his introductory book. As we advance, his singular power of interesting narrative

prevails over every defect. His reflections are not uncommon; his views of character and society imply only sound sense.

"15th.—In court from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the afternoon.—Condemned to death a matross of artillery, for the wanton murder of a poor native at Goa: he received his sentence with the utmost indifference; it is to be executed on Saturday morning on the Esplanade, in the presence of the whole garrison under arms.

"Abercromby, Malcolm, and a very small party, dined here in the evening;—the first General rather desponding about Portugal, the second trusting too much in a Wellesley to allow such a sentiment.

"16th.—In court from ten in the morning till ten in the afternoon. These twelve hours were occupied by a single trial, that of Dustergool ('Nosegay') an Armenian lady, the wife of Gregory Johannes, a merchant of considerable eminence. The charge was attempting to poison her mother-in-law, an old lady of sixty-four, who interrupted her intercourse with Carrapoot, a handsome young Armenian poet. Mrs. Nosegay appeared in court, and though she had a good deal of the Armenian features, yet as she had been twenty years married, it was in that state of autumnal ripeness, which one would suppose more suited to my fancy, than to that of a young oriental poet; she was handsomely dressed, and frequently shed tears. It was clearly proved that she had administered some drugs to the poor old lady, which might have endangered her life; but, perhaps, she rather wished that they might only sicken her, and by sickness and fright drive her back to her native place at Surat, where, on the first alarm of illness, she would go, to be buried with her fathers. I told the jury (of which Captain Tait was the foreman), 'that if she gave a drug which she knew would in any degree endanger life, her mere wishes that it might only produce sickness (wishes of which it was impossible to measure the strength, or even to ascertain the reality) would not deprive the act of the character of an attempt to commit murder.' They, however, after some deliberation, found a verdict, 'Guilty of administering drugs, but not with an intention to kill.' If they had been pressed, it is probable that the word 'intention' would have appeared to mean 'wish;' but I received it as a verdict of acquittal, and I was not displeased at being relieved from the perplexity of selecting a punishment adequate to the crime, and not barbarous to a woman of some rank.

"—Money, foreman of the grand jury, presented a complimentary address from them, requesting that I would sit for my picture, to be hung in the hall of the court. I was graciously pleased to comply.

"Thus ended the last sessions which I shall ever hold in Bombay.\*

\* The following is the correspondence which passed on this occasion:—

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, KNT.,  
RECORDER OF BOMBAY.

"MY LORD,—We the Grand Jury, have learned, with regret, by the valedictory charge delivered to us at the commencement of these Sessions, that the connexion which has for seven years subsisted between your Lordship and us, in the administration of public justice, is on the eve of dissolution; but we trust that those splendid talents which have rendered your Lordship so conspicuous among the eminent men of the present times, will soon be called forth for the public service in a more extended sphere.

"As a mark of respect, we request you will do us the honour to sit for your portrait, which we are desirous of placing in the hall where you have so long presided with such distinguished ability. And with cordial wishes for your safe return to your native country, we have the honour to be,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's obedient servants,

"W. T. MONEY, Foreman."

"Grand Jury Room,  
"July 16, 1811."

TO WILLIAM TAYLOR MONEY, ESQ., FOREMAN OF THE  
GRAND JURY.

Bombay, 17th July, 1811.

"SIR,—I request that you will present my grateful acknowledgments to the Grand Jury, for the address with which they have honoured me.

"During the trial of Dustercool, my mind was full of Mary, Queen of Scots, in whose history I had just read, for the thousandth time, efforts more successful than those of the Armenian Mary, by a vicious and beautiful wife, to murder a bad husband. As soon as Mary goes into England, Robertson is tempted, by the interest of his story, into constant partiality to her; her abilities are exaggerated to make her story more romantic: she was a weak girl of elegant accomplishments.

"19th.—I have this morning, (for the first time in my life) signed a warrant for the execution of James Estelow, who is to be hanged to-morrow. I never signed a paper with more perfect tranquillity of mind. I felt agitation in pronouncing the sentence, but none in subscribing the warrant: I had no scruple of conscience on either occasion.

"20th.—My thoughts are much but calmly employed on the case of the murderer, who is to die this day by my doom. From the time of his sentence he had behaved with the utmost violence and defiance, disdaining all religion, and denying his guilt. This morning at daybreak the hardened ruffian

"Conscious rectitude must often be the sole support of a magistrate, whose most unpopular duties may be the most useful: but it would betray unbecoming confidence, to be indifferent to the deliberate and final approbation of a body of gentlemen, most of whom have been long and near observers of my official conduct, and who, both from their private character and their public functions, are entitled to speak in the name of the community.

"However humbly I may estimate my understanding, and how much soever I must, therefore, question the justness of your observations, I cannot doubt their sincerity. Flattery is not an English vice, and there can be no motive to flatter a person from whom nobody has anything to hope.

"I must, therefore, ascribe the partiality which has dictated these praises, to your long observation of a quality which I may claim for myself, without hesitation and without presumption—a most earnest desire to administer justice according to the dictates of conscience and humanity.

"In that conviction, I receive these praises as a higher honour than if I had presumed to think them more strictly just.

"As soon as I reach Great Britain, I shall take measures for complying with the desire so honourable to me, which the Grand Jury have been pleased to express.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

The other principal independent public body of the Island, the 'Literary Society,' gave a similar expression of regard, by electing him, on his departure, their honorary president, and requesting him to sit for a bust, to be placed in their library: on which last occasion, Sir John Malcolm observed—

"In offering some remarks upon that good, which I believe to have resulted to oriental literature from his example and influence, I shall speak with all the confidence that personal observation and experience can inspire. From the hour that Sir James Mackintosh landed in this country, he commenced with an ardour that belongs only to minds like his, to make himself master of the history, the usages, and the religion of the inhabitants; and his progress was such as was to be expected from his capacity. As he had never made the oriental languages his study in Europe, the period of his residence, and the nature of his occupations while here, forbade his wasting time more valuably employed, in a course of study which he could not have completed. He, indeed, took a larger and better view of the good he had it in his power to effect; and those moments which would have been unprofitably given, by a man of his rich and cultivated mind, to the elements of an Indian language, were employed in kindling into flame those sparks of emulation and knowledge, which his penetration discovered in men, already possessed of that useful but subordinate qualification. It is impossible to estimate the exact quantity of good which his efforts produced; but it certainly very far exceeded what the individual labour of any one man could have effected. His character is indeed admirably calculated to forward that object which is constantly nearest his heart, 'the general diffusion of knowledge.' He showed, during his stay in India, a toleration and indulgence that extended even to the ignorant, where they showed a desire of improvement, and to all those whom he deemed capable of being actively useful in the advancement of learning and science, he afforded the most flattering and substantial encouragement. His advice, his time, were at their service, and they found him, at all moments, disposed to give them his aid towards the promotion of their individual interests and fame. For the truth of this observation I may appeal to you all. There are, I believe, few among those who now hear me, that have not experienced, or at least witnessed, what I have attempted to describe. With respect to myself, I have long recognized the desire of proving myself worthy of that anticipated reputation

was subdued. I received a note from Patten,\* informing me that the prisoner had confessed his guilt, and begged the attendance of Mr. Baynes at the gallows. At ten minutes past nine, the little procession passed by this house. Patten in front in a small carriage: the prisoner dressed in black, handcuffed, and with a rope round his neck, was with the hangman in a large car; he was surrounded by a guard of sheriff's peons. The natives were flocking in from all quarters to a sight, which, after the last seven years, they must think very extraordinary; his brutality shows, that a more worthless life could not have been sacrificed to the interest of society; his contrition, however late, will give efficacy to the example, by satisfying his comrades the act was just; and, if I had been to choose a case in which I should inflict capital punishment, it would have been the cruel murder of a mean Hindû by an English soldier.

"Poor Patten has just come to report the circumstances of the execution. About fifty thousand natives, by his account, covered the Esplanade; the whole garrison were under arms; most of the European inhabitants were present.

"11th, Sunday.—After a wakeful and uneasy night, I saw from the verandah, about half past seven, the flag half mast high, and about a quarter to eight, I received a note from Dr. Inverarity, with the information that Jonathan Duncan breathed his last about seven, having remained nearly insensible since Daw saw him yesterday forenoon.

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires.'

But no such solace or tribute attended his forlorn death.

"I wish that I were once more with my family. I shudder at the thought of 'my dying eyes,' closed 'by foreign hands.'

"A walk of three quarters of an hour in the sun, without my hat, gave me a headache. To refresh myself, I drove to Parell; at which I looked with some seriousness on the evening of the interment of its lord.

"Those who frequently contemplate the entire subjection of every part of the animal frame to the laws of chemistry, and the numerous processes through which all the organs of the human body must pass after death, acquire habits of imagination unfavourable to a hope of an independent existence of the thinking principle, or of a renewed existence of the whole man. These facts have a more certain influence than any reasonings on the habitual convictions of men. Hence arises, in part, the prevalent incredulity of physicians. The doctrine of the resurrection could scarcely have arisen among a people who buried their dead.

"18th, Sunday.—I went to the funeral sermon. The principal part consisted of some arguments of the immortality of the soul. In the eloquence of Cicero, of Fenelon, and Addison, the reasons in behalf of this venerable and consolatory opinion had appeared strong and sound; but, in the preacher's statement, they shrunk into a mortifying state of meagreness. Contemplations passed in my mind which I should be almost afraid to communicate to any creature.

"19th.—In the necessary ascending progress of the understanding to divest the infinitely perfect Being of all resemblance to imperfection, he at length approaches a very faint and imperfect personality. I acknowledge, indeed, that the heart has an equally inevitable descending progress; in which, the Divinity is more and more individualized, brought nearer, and made liker to ourselves, that he may be more the object of affection. But to confine myself to speculation; a person,

which I received from the notice of Sir James Mackintosh, as one of the chief motives that influences my mind to a pursuit of literary labours." Proceeding to show the infinite utility of an intimacy with the character, and knowledge of the natives, to those who are to govern, to improve and to preserve our Eastern Empire, he concludes—"It is such knowledge alone that can enable us to do good and avert evil; and this consideration gives to Englishmen an object in the pursuit of oriental studies far beyond those which stimulate to the attainment of general literature and science in other quarters. Under this view of the subject, how great is the merit of that man who, by his example, influence, and conduct, spreads wide the desire of improvement and knowledge! and, assuredly, this merit belongs, in a very high degree, to Sir James Mackintosh."

It may be mentioned, that when the "Transactions" of the Society were sent to him in England, in manuscript, for the purpose of being published, he retrenched the above passage from Sir John Malcolm's discourse.

\* The Governor of the Jail.



commonly called an Atheist, might certainly feel the most ardent moral enthusiasm, or the warmest love of perfect virtue; he, consequently, has the feeling, of which devotion is a modification, or another name. This perfect virtue he must often personify. How small is the difference, in pure speculation, between the evanescent individuality to which the reasonings of the philosophical theist reduce or exalt the divinity, and the temporary mental reality into which the imagination of him who is called an Atheist brightens his personification of virtue!

"Let me apply the same mode of examination to the other element of religion, the doctrine of a future state. The foundation of that doctrine, is the desire that beings, capable of an indefinite progress in virtue and happiness, may accomplish the destiny which seems open to them, and the belief that the interruption of that noble progress by death is only apparent. The fear of hell, or the desire of reward for ourselves, may, like the fear of the gallows, prevent crimes; but, at most, it can only lead to virtue; it never can produce it. I leave below me those coarse rude notions of religion which degrade it into a supplement to police and criminal law. All such representations are more practically atheistical, more derogatory from the grandeur of religious sentiment, than any speculative system called Atheism. When the mind is purified from these gross notions, it is evident that the belief of a future state can no longer rest on the merely selfish idea of preserving its own individuality.

"Morality is usually said to depend upon religion; but this is said in that low sense in which outward conduct is considered as morality. In that higher sense in which morality denotes sentiment, it is more exactly true to say, that religion depends on morality, and springs from it. Virtue is not the conformity of outward actions to a rule; nor is religion the fear of punishment or the hope of reward. Virtue is the state of a just, prudent, benevolent, firm, and temperate mind. Religion is the whole of these sentiments which such a mind feels towards an infinitely perfect being.

"I am pleased with contemplations which trace piety to so pure and noble a source—which show that good men have not been able to differ so much from each other as they imagined; that, amidst all the deviations of the understanding, the beneficent necessity of their nature keeps alive the same sacred feelings; and that Turgot and Malesherbes, so full of love for the good and fair, had not apostatized from the true God of Socrates and Jesus.

"I observe that you repeat your complaint of having fallen so far short of your own *ideal* of goodness. I hope you will not dispute that I am a formidable rival in the extent of the failure.

"23d.—Maria d'Escobar, a Spanish lady, first brought a few grains of wheat into the City of Lima. For three years she distributed their produce among the colonists, giving twenty or thirty grains to each farmer. This is a fact, which might be a good text for a sermon to F——. Maria d'Escobar brought into existence more human beings by this supply of food, than Napoleon has destroyed. If she had come from Egypt to Attica in the earlier ages of Grecian history, she would have been a goddess. Malcolm has introduced potatoes into Persia. That benefit may be remembered long after all that is now spoken of in our ridiculous Persian missions has fallen into deserved oblivion. If Lord Wellesley had accomplished the abolition of infanticide, which poor Jonathan is so panegyricized for having vainly endeavoured, his name would have been held in everlasting remembrance. All the negotiations and wars which appear so splendid at present, will, in a history of twenty years hence, not occupy ten pages.

"So nearly, in some parts of human conduct, does the distribution even of fame agree with the dictates of that eternal justice, which declares, that 'whoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water, shall in nowise lose his reward.' The smallest act of benevolence, especially of benevolence towards those who spread truth, is sure to reward itself, and likely to be praised by future generations.

"I have just glanced over Jeremy Taylor on the Beatitudes. The selection is made in the most sublime spirit of virtue. To their transcendent excellence I can find no words to express my admiration and reverence. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' 'Put on my beloved, as the elect of God, bowels of mercy.' At last the divine speaker rises to the summit of moral sublimity: 'Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake.'

"For a moment, 'O teacher blessed,' I taste the unspeakable delight of feeling myself to be better. I feel, as in the days of my youth, that 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,'

which long habits of infirmity, and the low concerns of the world, have contributed to extinguish.

"24th.—Poor Macartney, the D'Anville of Elphinstone's mission, is dead. With him more geographical genius is lost than is possessed by any living inhabitant of the British dominions, unless, perhaps, Major Rennell.

"26th.—In the 'Monthly Magazine,' I see that the Duke of Bedford is building, near Tavistock, a splendid cottage. This is, at present, a ridiculous phrase; but, fifty years hence, it may be familiar. A century ago, a beautiful cottage would have been thought a very bold, if an admissible phrase. Fifty years ago an elegant cottage would, I believe, have been nearly ridiculous. In a century or two, a lady of fashion may give an entertainment at her *hut* at Dulwich; or a prime minister may retire to his charming *hovel* in Richmond-park.

"31st.—It is, you know, a favourite notion of mine, that a sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, is a late acquirement of civilized taste. Mr. Twining, in his translation of Aristotle's 'Poetics,' observes, that there is no single term, either in Greek or Latin, for 'prospect.'

"8th.—Finished Nelson's life. Let me now endeavour to say what I think of him as he originally was, before he was surrounded by that blaze of glory, which makes examination impossible.

"He seems to have been born with a quick good sense, an affectionate heart, and a high spirit; he was susceptible of the enthusiasm either of the tender or the proud feelings; he was easily melted or inflamed; to say that he was fearless, seems ridiculously unnecessary; he was not merely averse to falsehood or artifice, but he was in the highest degree simple and frank. These qualities of his heart are not mentioned for the idle purpose of panegyric; however singular it may sound, I will venture to affirm that they formed no small part of the genius of Nelson: they secured attachment and confidence, and they revealed to him the feelings of other men—that great secret in the art of command, which reason alone can never disclose. His understanding was concentrated on his profession; and as danger must always excite where it does not disturb, it acted on his mind, in the moment of action, with the highest stimulant power, and roused his genius to exertions greater than the languor of tranquillity could have produced. Still, Windham certainly, and perhaps Fox, met Captain Nelson at Holkham, without suspecting that he was more than a lively and gallant officer.

"The nature of the service in the Mediterranean must have had an influence in expanding his character. He soon obtained a separate command co-operating with an army acting on shore in situations full of military or maritime peril, calling forth all the resource, enterprise, and fortitude of an officer. The revolutionary character of the war had doubtless a powerful effect; he saw thrones subverted, revolutions effected, counter revolutions projected, the fate of governments and nations immediately affected by operations in which he had some share. Scarcely emerged from his retreat at his father's parsonage, he began to negotiate with generals, ambassadors, and princes. If he had commanded a ship in a fleet on ordinary service, it is scarcely possible that his spirit should have been so much elevated, and his faculties so much strengthened. He must already have become an extraordinary man when he was selected by the stern and shrewd St. Vincent for that service which terminated with such glory.

"In this progress it is easy to see by his correspondence how his mind climbed from height to height, till he reached the summit, where the grand images of his country and of glory represented themselves to his view, and kindled that fierce flame of enthusiasm which converted his whole soul into genius. His passion for glory extended even to the most trivial of its outward badges. All the pomps and vanities of the world retained their power over him. Neither pleasantries, nor speculation, nor the familiarity of rank and wealth, had weakened the force of these illusions. He had not lived in that society where wit makes the gratifications of vanity ridiculous, or where reason proves their emptiness, or where satiety rejects them with disgust; he came forth from the most humble privacy. Fame, with all her marks, and praise from every source, worked with irresistible efficacy on his fresh and simple mind. The love of glory, and even of praise and of honours; the indignant contempt of money; the sincerity and ardour of his character, and the simplicity and energy of his sayings; give him more the appearance of an ancient than a modern hero.

"Why is it not possible to wipe out from history the scenes in the bay of Naples! I read over the passage which respects them three or four times, in hopes of discovering a vindication; but, alas; it is impossible. It might be thought

affectation, but it is true, that I have read them with no small pain. The breach of faith to the garrisons of the two castles is too certain and too atrocious. The execution of Caraccioli is an act which I forbear to characterize. The writers\* admit, that at this execution was present that ferocious woman who lowered the illustrious name of an English matron to the level of a Parisian fish woman; and who made our chosen hero an instrument in deeds of cruelty and dishonour. The contrast between these horrible executions and the profligate splendour of Palermo in the autumn of 1799, as it appears by Sir T. Trowbridge's letters, reminds the reader of that union of effeminacy and barbarity which marked the worst of the Roman emperors.

"From this moment the charm of the kind and honest Horatio Nelson is gone. His correspondence with his poor wife becomes cold and rare. She, the companion of his poverty and obscurity, entirely loses him, at the moment when he became the most celebrated man in Europe. His excellent father, notwithstanding the virtues and the glory of his son, seems nobly to have joined his injured wife. What excites the most bitter regret is, that he who was seduced into barbarity and public as well as private perfidy, had a soul full of honour and humanity; that he was the same who never punished a seaman, and whose nerves were convulsed at seeing him punished; that he was the very same whom the sailors called 'Nel, bold as a lion, and mild as a lamb.'

"Nelson had gone from his parsonage to sea; where, in five years he had become the greatest of Englishmen. Art, politeness, flattery, magnificence and beauty, acted upon his unworn sensibility. The daughter of Maria Theresa was on her knees to him as a deliverer. Meretricious beauty poured all its blandishments on the uncultivated sailor. The arts, in the degraded state when they cease to deserve the name of liberal, and become the wretched slaves of sense, were still the land of prodigies to him. He had a just indignation against the crimes of his enemies, and, more especially the dastardly treason of the Neapolitan nobility. He had not been taught to value, nor accustomed to consider the forms, without which the substance of justice cannot be preserved. He believed the prisoners, or their ringleaders, to deserve death; and he thought that the existence of the government required a terrible example; and, perhaps, in themselves, both these opinions were right. From a just detestation of that irresolution which had ruined so many governments, he fell into the prevalent error of supposing that nothing deserves the name of energetic policy but undistinguishing violence; and thus, by errors in judgment, by the excess of justifiable feelings, by the drunkenness of guilty passion, and the maddening power of political fanaticism, he was driven into these deplorable acts. I shall not even extenuate them. I hope there is no creature who has a greater abhorrence of perfidy and cruelty than I have. I verily believe that there is no character in history, but that of Nelson, which I should love, after imputing to it such crimes.

"Sir William Hamilton meant to have gone home early in 1798, if some *accused* suggestion had not kept him in Naples! Poor Nelson obscurely foresaw what awaited him. On the 20th of September, he writes to Lord St. Vincent: 'I detest this voyage to Naples!'

"16th.—Though my going to Europe still depends on Newbolt's answer,† I have already got into the hurry and bustle of preparation; so that you will not be much annoyed by the Journalist for some days.

"19th.—Busy preparations for departure.—Review of the MSS. of Malcolm and Dr. Taylor.

"Boileau's brother said 'that he did not like the Jesuits, because they were people who lengthen the Creed and shorten the Commandments.'

"23d.—The carriage is at the door to carry me (probably) to the last civil court which I shall hold in this island, or, perhaps, anywhere else. My judicial existence approaches to a close. It is certainly one of the most respectable conditions of human life; it has not to me been one of the happiest; but, besides that this has been my own fault, I think, if I were to remain here, the future part of my Recordership would be much more undisturbed than the past. If I had

stronger passions, or a weaker understanding, I should be able to wrap myself in the conceit, that my own conduct has been perfection. If I had a more cautious prudence and a firmer character, I might, even at this late period of life, correct my future conduct by a review of the past.—As it is, I have an unavailing and painful insight into my own faults.

"In the evening a dinner, likely to be the last, to the Governor and General.

"28th.—The General came to breakfast; and he was followed by Warden and Money. They came up stairs with me after breakfast; and General Abercromby informed me that they were a deputation to invite me to a public entertainment before my departure. I was the more gratified by this compliment, because I was told by Colonel Hay that it had been originally suggested by General Abercromby.

"30th.—E—s, &c. &c., dined here last night. — 'glorious,' pursuing Mrs. — round the library (who was in rather an unwieldy state for flight) to get a kiss.

"October 1st.—I now live upon medicine.—I tremble for Newbolt's answer.

"About five o'clock in the evening I received a short note from Newbolt, announcing that he would take his passage by the 'Piedmontaise,' Captain Dawson, which was to leave Madras in eight days. It is now, therefore, certain, if we both live, that I shall see you in April; and that I am to deliver, instead of sending this Journal. This is a joyful and yet awful moment.

"11th.—Read Curran's speeches. I need not say that he is one of the greatest orators of modern times, or that he has the faults of the Irish school. In matter, he is far inferior to Grattan. Grattan is a great thinker, and abounds with those ideas which are permanently instructive, as well as effectual for his purpose. In this respect, in which Burke surpasses all orators, Curran seems to me rather deficient, as impartial critics have determined that Pitt was. But his manner is much grander than that of Grattan: it has a far less taint of that disposition to antithesis and point which gives such a littleness to style. The characteristic fault of Curran's manner seems to be, that he is totally without the quiet and simple parts of eloquence.

"12th.—Last night a tremendous 'bobbery' at M—s.—A libation of a dozen of Champagne poured out to me, of which I did not taste a drop.

"—Last sessions begun and concluded.

"—Public dinner to me in the evening at the theatre; about one hundred and fifty persons. General Abercromby presided very well, and Malcolm kept up a row. The party, as they say, 'went off very well.' I came away about a quarter past eleven.

"21st.—First day of my *last* term; rather better.—Received from Seroor, at noon, the not unexpected news of poor Nat's death.—Tiffin on board the 'Caroline,' with Forbes and Mrs. Rickards.

"27th, Sunday.—Torn in pieces by petty business.—At two o'clock burnt all my papers on the terrace before the library.

"30th.—I have obtained a handsome increase of allowance for Patten, the Cauzee, and the Pundit, who now have each 200 rupees a month, or 300*l.* per annum. Government have, also, allowed me to establish a new place of court-house, chamber, and robe keeper, at thirty rupees a month, which I have given to your friend, Fazl-ed-din-ben-Sadik-Nourangta.

"—Read Major M—'s account of Mr. Duncan's attempt to abolish infanticide—the language, a bad dialect of *Duncanese*.

"November 1st.—Farewell calls. As the moment of departure approaches, I begin to look with some affection on all my *inanimate* housemates.

"2nd.—A large levee at breakfast. Gave certificates to my servants. Wrote a letter overland to you, of four folio pages, adapted to all the contingencies of arrival, capture, or death. We expect to sail to-morrow about two o'clock. A frigate came in, and proved to be the 'Piedmontaise,' very unexpectedly bringing the Newbolts.

"3rd, Sunday.—Newbolt passed the morning with me. I doubt whether we shall sail even to-morrow. We dine at Parell once more this evening; and, if the 'Caroline' does not sail, at General Abercromby's to-morrow.

"—Received a final notice from Money that the 'Caroline' is to sail at one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Dined at poor Parell.

"4th.—Better—long conversation with Newbolt about business in the court.—Dinner in the evening at General Abercromby's.

\* Macarthur and Clarke.

† The rapidly failing state of his health precluding, in the opinion of his medical attendants, the further delay in the country, which awaiting the arrival of a successor from England would have implied; an arrangement was ultimately made, by which Sir John Newbolt, one of the judges of the Supreme Court at Madras officiated, during the interval, as Recorder of Bombay.



"5th, Tuesday.—Day of departure.—Last sunrise view of the Ghauts, with their hill-forts, &c.

"Last is a melancholy word!"

## CHAPTER XII.

Voyage—Goa—Literary remarks continued—Arrival at the Cape—Residence and excursions—Sir William Temple—Stay at St. Helena—Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse—Madame de Sevigné—Klarke's travels—Spenser—Professor Ferguson—Montaigne—Hume's Essays—Enter the Channel.

"NOVEMBER 6th, 10 A. M.—We left Bombay harbour yesterday evening about five o'clock, and were probably not in sight of the light-house at midnight. Abercromby, Malcolm, Newbolt, Erskine, &c. &c. &c. came with me to the water-side.

"11th.—Between eight and nine o'clock we went up, in Captain Schuyler's boat, to the city of Goa, of which I need not say anything, as you saw and I described it in 1807. We again saw St. Cajetan,—the beautiful miniature of St. Peters, the picture and the monument of Francis Xavier. We talked to the nuns, and bought purses from them. We saw, too, the beauty of this convent, Donna Catharina, whom I do not recollect having seen when we were here before.

"12th.—No mosque, pagoda, or public rite of the native religions was, or indeed is, allowed at Goa. No native of the least rank or character could live here. Even the engineers are forbidden to employ any but Christian labourers, as the King of Great Britain would have been forbidden to have employed Nelson, if he had been a Catholic. The effect of this wise system is visible. In Goa are neither merchants nor bankers, nor commercial correspondence with the rest of India. No bill can here be cashed. The harbour forces a little trade on them, but the government resist the bounty of nature by a duty of twenty-three or twenty-four per cent. on imports.

"I met with a good instance yesterday of the impropriety of employing words according to their etymologies. The House of Lords having, in Hastings' trial, rejected a piece of evidence tendered by the Managers, Mr. Burke called the decision 'preposterous.' Lord Kenyon took fire. Mr. B. said the expression only meant 'putting the cart before the horse.' But it certainly is a word of cure.

"20th.—My happiness at present depends on few and simple circumstances—the chief are a cool breeze and a quiet quarter-deck: my wishes do not soar beyond them; my hopes seldom aspire so high. But as I enjoyed them both this morning in a more than usual degree, I wrote three pages of an introduction to my history; the attempt has been unsuccessful, but still I shall persevere. If ever it should turn out to be good for anything, it will be rather curious to recollect where it may be said to have been begun. It was under circumstances more inauspicious and vulgar than that which was projected amidst the ruin of the capitol. But a cabin nine feet square in a merchant ship, manned by Mahomedan sailors, on the coast of Malabar, is, if not a convenient, at least a characteristic place, for the beginning the history of a maritime and commercial empire.

"23rd.—Had a little controversy with Dr. Jukes, on the question, Whether the cultivation of sensibility, and the enlargement of mind, increases happiness? It is evident that they multiply and enlarge the inlets of pleasure. If the admission of pain be a sufficient objection, it applies with equal force to every degree of thought and feeling, so that it must be better to be an oyster than a man, and a stone than an oyster. Jukes objected, 'that a cultivated man, on reviewing his life, would not pass it over again, but that an uncultivated man would; which proves that the impression left by life, which is the best evidence of its general state, is more agreeable in the man of inferior cultivation.' But if the fact be so, it would only prove that the enlightened man remembers more accurately, and estimates more justly. The truth is, that endless fallacies must arise from the attempt to appreciate, by retrospect, human life, of which the enjoyments depend on hope.

"27th.—The rising swell of the gulf of Manaar threatens to disable me from offending in prolixity. If Madame de Grignan had rebuked her mother as severely for wasting her talents on idle letters, the world might have wanted its best epistolary models. In Prince Eugene, (p. 118,) is an excel-

lent French bull, not inferior to any of the Leinster breed. 'Tout ce que je lui predis arriva en partie.'

"We are just leaving the rugged highlands about Cape Comorin, and bidding farewell, I hope for ever, to the continent of India.

"—Get in sight of Ceylon about dinner time. It is, alas! near twenty-one months since I parted with my family in these roads.

"30th.—N. L. 5° 37'—E. L. 80° 36'—We are now fairly set sail from India. A calm during the night leaves us still in sight of Ceylon; the part of India which I prefer, either from its beauty or climate, or from the kindness of my reception there.

"December 1st, Sunday.—Going seven knots an hour on the Indian Ocean, out of sight of land. The outward voyage, in which our second mate came, was 14,500 miles. The quieting effects of the most frivolous calculations is sufficient to show the great utility of mathematics as a mental discipline.

"*'Ma vie est pleine de repentir,'* says Madame de Sevigné. This is applicable to me with such unfortunate exactness, that it comprehends almost every action of my life, with the strange exception of what occurred on the morning of the 10th of April, 1798.\*

"—Pass the line with an eight-knots' breeze.

"5th.—S. L. 3° 17'; E. L. 84° 30'.

"Madame de Sevigné considers her daughter being present at an entertainment on board ship, as romantic beyond all conception; she praises her daughter for attention to dates, which, she says, is a proof of interest in the correspondence. It is curious to discover that the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who, in his maxims, had ascribed all human actions to selfishness of the grossest sort, was himself one of the most tender and delicate of men. It is delightful to find a turbulent demagogue like the Cardinal de Retz, converted into an amiable old man, performing his quiet duties as Abbé of St. Denis, beloved by Madame de Sevigné, half in love with her daughter, and soothing the languor of his age by listening to the recital of Racine and Boileau. He was, like Wilkes, 'a volcano burnt out.'

"In 'Paul and Virginia' is one excellent sentence: 'La bienfaisance est la bonheur de la vertu.'

"I see that they have translated into French the 'Horné Biblicæ' of my old friend, Charles Butler; this is rather generous.

"9th.—S. L. 9° 54'; E. L. 81° 38'.

"*Nous voici dans le vent de sud-est.* Better.† Walter Scott has such an extreme facility for versification as to be almost an improvisatore. If Mr. Burke had early acquired the talent of versifying, he would have poured forth volumes, in which there must have been passages of sublime poetry. If it could be conceived and, perhaps, accomplished in English, there seems no difficulty in Italian, which has such multitudes of rhymes, and is so rich a poetical language. To this must be added the utmost liberty of irregular versification, though that liberty can hardly be carried much farther than it is by Walter Scott. Most improvisatori I suppose to be mannerists; manner is one of the great sources of facility; Walter Scott is an example.

"Racine calls Tacitus the greatest painter of antiquity; Bossuet calls him the gravest of historians; these are weighty suffrages. Each of these great men has praised Tacitus for what he most strongly felt.

"10th.—An anonymous writer in a French paper, whom I suppose to be M. Bonnard, justly observes, that the prejudice against dissection is an exaggeration of the sentiment of human reverence towards the dead, or rather towards the human form. 'This prejudice,' says he, 'has saved more lives than anatomy would have done.' The last remark is a mere fallacy. If the humanity were necessarily weakened by the removal of the prejudice, it would be true; but this is not necessary when the prejudice is dispelled. The humanity may be as ardent under another form; the prejudice does no good; it is only the humanity that preserves lives. This observation may be generalized.

"12th.—In the morning a deluge of rain.—Every accompanying discomfort and misery that rain can produce, where the lodging is nine feet square, and the dining-room below stairs; but as my sea-sickness is gone, I am comparatively happy. What is within the skin is of far more consequence than what is without. This is my plain old way of saying

\* The day of his marriage.

† The details of health are amongst the parts omitted.

how much virtue and health surpass all external advantages; but as virtue depends entirely on ourselves, it has clearly the precedence; for as far as health does depend on ourselves, it is by virtue that it is obtained.

"—Glanced over 'Cesarotti's Ossian,' and I like it better than the English original. This may be partly owing to the amusement of seeing my old acquaintances with new faces. It is mere bigotry of Laing to underrate the poetical genius of Macpherson.

"La Rochefoucault's maxims must be understood with all the usual allowances for the exaggeration of satire; they have all the truth that sarcasm requires.

"14th.—It has happened, by the merest accident, that the 'Trial of Peltier' is among the books in the cabin. But when I recollect the way in which you saw me opposed to Perceval, on the 21st of February, 1803 (the day of the trial); and when I compare his present situation, whether at the head of an administration, or an opposition, with mine, scanty as my stock is of fortune, health, or spirits, in a cabin nine feet square on the Indian Ocean, I think it enough that I am free from the sourness of disappointment, and I need not conceal from my other self that I feel some surprise. I have always been much dissatisfied with my speech.

"15th, Sunday.—Fine weather.—Fresh and regular trade.

"I have written six pages of Mr. Hume's character. It must be polished and contracted; but I believe it to contain the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; I am, therefore, more satisfied than usual with my morning's work.

"On the 16th of February, 1806, Madame Sevigné speaks for the first time of Tea; she is prone to *quacking*—an infallible mark of fondness.

"21st.—Within the last thirty years chronometers, lunar observations, and copper bottoms have been brought into general use. If three improvements of equal magnitude be made every thirty years, what will be the state of the art of navigation in three centuries?

"Read my 'Johnson' to Rickards and Jukes, who are much pleased.

"22nd, Sunday.—S. L. 27° 32', E. L. 45° 27'—Thermometer 79. A squally morning marks the neighbourhood of Madagascar, where we were together seven years and nine months ago.

"I have written, in two pages, the characters of Thurlow and Wedderburn. What do you think of my impudence? I have written, in four pages, those of Goldsmith and, oh, boldness! of Gray. Observe the proportion which, after death, statesmen bear to poets.

"23rd.—I have sketched Wilkes and Churchill. I have some thoughts of next trying Lord Mansfield, and then, perhaps, Young and Thomson.

"I have done Lord Mansfield.

"25th.—Christmas-day. Where are you to-day? I rather hope that the 'States-General' are assembled at Cresselly.

"26.—A very delightful day with easy and rapid progress. Yesterday I sketched Lord North and Paley; to-day I have done George Grenville, C. Townshend, Turgot, Malesherbes, Young, Thomson, and Akenside—forty-six pages of characters. Holloa!

"27th.—Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Treasurer Oxford. My historical gallery proceeds as rapidly as our voyage, and will be ready for exhibition when I get to London.

"29th, Sunday.—Swift roughly, but, I think, very like; and Lord Somers, my favourite character, but with less success.

"Jan 1st. 1812.—Another child of time is dead! Almost a calm.

"The new year opened with a little event. At half-past four in the morning I was awakened by a bustle on deck, and getting up, I saw a little brig near us—the first sail since we left Point de Galle. We fired a gun and hoisted our colours; she hoisted American colours, and proved to be the 'Ocean,' of Nantucket, sixty tons and nine men. She had been five months out, had called at the Cape de Verdes, and saw two sail under the line. She is on a whaling voyage. We presented her with a sheep, a goose, a turkey, a ham, and half a dozen of port. The gratitude of the commander was unbounded. He had no stock on board but one black pig, which, the frugal Yankee said, 'he should not kill yet.'

"4th.—On one of our tacks we have been within eight miles of the shore to the east of False Bay. The beach is covered with sandy hillocks, not unlike the neighbourhood of Ostend. The barren shore and boisterous sea are characteristic of Africa, which, notwithstanding Egypt and Carthage, has always been the seat of the least advanced portion of mankind. Egypt being one of the links in the great chain

of civilization, is an important country in the progress of our species; but it is so politically connected with Asia, and so physically separated from the rest of Africa, that it may be considered as an Asiatic country. Carthage was a colony from Asia. No native African community seems to have risen so high as Peru or Mexico.

"5th, Sunday.—No observation; but we are now (1 P. M.) nearly abreast of Cape False, the eastern part of Simon's Bay, and consequently full of sanguine hopes that we shall breakfast at Cape Town to-morrow. In preparing for that great event by putting a padlock on my cabin, the carpenter broke my thermometer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Scott. This is my first calamity during the voyage.

"6th. Cape Town.—Landed, and walked to the inn, where we found Captain Heathcote of the 'Lion,' and a small nautical party at dinner in a tavern, which we might easily have supposed to be in England. Apples and pears in the dessert, completed the delusion of the eye. Grapes and oranges delicious!

"7th. Breakfasted on bread and butter, strawberries and cream, and such exotic substances, and afterwards went to a subscription-room, called the 'African Club,' to read the English newspapers, which have arrived here down to the beginning of September. Here I was interrupted by Major Munro, one of Sir John Cradock's aides-de-camp, who conducted me on foot (as the fashion is here even in the hottest weather) to the Government House—graciously received by Sir John, a handsome man, with a military politeness very pleasing to me.

"We then called at Admiral Stopford's, whose house commands a complete view of Table Bay, and is so peculiarly well situated for an admiral, that he can see all the shipping, and make signals to them, as easily as from the poop of his flag-ship. He seems to be an intelligent and gentlemanlike man.

"—Returned to Mrs. Bletterman's lodgings, dreadfully exhausted by walking in the sun.

"8th.—Twenty miles into the country of Hottentot Holland to Stellenbosch. Rose at five o'clock, and we (i. e. Mr. Caldwell, Dr. Jukes, Mr. H. Smith and myself, with my servant Michael) got into our wagon and eight. The negro coachman drove eight in hand. At first it seemed as if a rabble of horses had been running on without order or without conductor; but it turned out quite secure, and the carriage by no means so uneasy as its construction threatened. It had no springs, and there was no relief to its motion but the suspension of the seats, of which there were four rising backwards, sheltered by an arched wooden top, with curtains let down all round for shelter or shade.

"9th.—This day, which had been intended for excursions, I found it necessary to pass in repose. I enjoyed a forenoon of luxurious and tranquil indolence. The quiet and verdure after two months' voyage are enchanting. Some of the craggy mountains resemble in form Salisbury crags near Edinburgh.

"14th.—The Governor drove me in his curricie to his country house, at Nieuwlands, to breakfast, on the way to Constantia; it is a pretty place. The house, which is Dutch, resembles an old English manor-house turned into a farmhouse. After breakfast we drove through a remarkably neat cantonment at Wineberg, and by a road altogether beautiful to Constantia. The morning had been cloudy, and before we reached our destination we had heavy and incessant rain; the weather entirely obscured the prospect, and prevented us from walking through the vineyard; we could see nothing but the cellar, in which were ranged forty or fifty casks, of different sizes, containing four sorts of wine—white and red Constantia, Frontignac and Pontac. We ate some bread with Cape cheese, which we thought not bad, and we tasted the white and red Constantia, which we pronounced to be delicious.

"16th.—At the 'African Club,' where I went to read newspapers and reviews, I met M. Grandt, the first husband of Madame Talleyrand; he is rather a gentleman-like old man, a native of Lausanne, sent here with an office during the peace.

"17th.—Lady Anne\* and I walked to the signal on Wineberg, where we found a signal for two frigates standing into Table Bay; one with an Admiral's flag; it must be that of Sir Samuel Hood, and we are agog for news. Several visitors

\* The Lady Anne Dashwood. Occasional visits to Mr. Dashwood's residence in the neighbourhood of Wineberg agreeably varied Sir James's residence at the Cape.



from Town brought bits of news. The event which interested the colony was the marriage of Lord Caledon, their late very popular Governor, to Lady Catherine Yorke.

"18th.—Sir Samuel pleases me exceedingly; he has the honest, frank manner of a sailor, without the least roughness, and is as modest as if he had no professional fame; he has all the simplicity of a hero.

"The theatre in Hottentot square was intolerably hot, and the acting like Bombay.

"20th.—In the evening with a mixture of wonder and delight, found packets for myself landed from the 'Owen Glendower.' I could read part only of your long, sensible, and kind letter.

"After dinner we all went to a ball at the Government-house, to celebrate the Queen's birth-day. All the rooms were full. There might be about three hundred. There was a great disproportion of women to men, and the ladies were chiefly Dutch. Many of the English ladies live in the country in summer, and had sent excuses on the ground of inconvenience.

"24th.—Again perused the vision of Don Roderick. I agree in admiring the picture of the solitary heart of Napoleon. Saragossa—Gerona—defy poetry; but they might have been more nearly approached.

'And hear Corunna wail her battle won'

is all he yields to the immortal memory of Moore. Scott writes prose very well. I discover this in the notes to a bad poem: in those to a good one it escaped attention.

"We drove in Dashwood's barouche through a beautiful country to Hoote's Bay. We carried our dinner with us, and ate it on the top of a hill with a fine prospect. We had with us Mrs. Cockell, the wife of General Cockell, and Mr. Curzon, a lieutenant in the 'President' frigate, a mild and spirited young man. His ship had conveyed the Lucien Buonapartes from Malta, and he is in raptures with them all. Madame Lucien read to him some cantos of her husband's 'Charlemagne.' He describes Lucien as passionately attached to retirement and domestic pleasure. Lucien professes to be a republican, admires the liberty of England, and prays for the success of the Spaniards; yet he calls his brother the 'Emperor.' He gave Curzon a glass flute of curious workmanship, a present to himself from Josephine. They were, it seems, quite affected by the kindness of their reception at Plymouth.

"30th.—Read the greater part of Walter Scott's 'Life of Dryden' with pleasure, as I have a passion for literary history, and the highest admiration for Dryden—an amusing miscellany; it has no high excellence.

"31st.—Left the Dashwoods after breakfast and a kind farewell; and, after calling on the Governor and Admiral, embarked at half-past twelve; and, at one, got on board the 'Caroline.'

"Feb. 3d.—The island of Tristan da Cunha is about 38° S. lat., a little on the African side, midway between Africa and America. A New England captain, named Lambert, who had visited it in his voyage to India, determined to seek a refuge in it from poverty and a bad wife, with another American and an Italian; he settled there about ten or eleven months ago. Though his store-boat was swamped in landing, he has contrived to subsist; and from seals and sea-lions, he has made enough oil to load a ship. The island has no harbour, but it is surrounded by a singular sort of seaweed, which exempts it from surf; it is very high. The 'President' frigate lately went there, and gave the poor man some beef. He has published, or rather there has been published for him, a proclamation, in which he announces to all nations his having taken possession of the island, which he has new christened 'Refreshment Island.' His flag is white; when he goes to war this may cause confusion. Stray Americans, deserters from South-sea whalers, and runaway convicts from New Holland, are insensibly colonizing all the islands in the Pacific.

"The 'Souvenirs' of Madame de Genlis have all her usual excellencies—sense, taste, elegance, and the talent for characteristic narrative. She is without genius; and she has the selfish cowardly morality of mere prudence and superstition.

"—Read sixty pages of the first volume of Sir William Temple. How various are the forms assumed by the national assemblies of the Teutonic nations, in their general principles so similar!

"In Sweden four estates (one of peasants), in four houses.

"In Spain and France, three estates in three houses.

"In England, three estates in two houses.

"In Scotland, three estates in one house.

"In the province of Holland, two estates (no clergy); whether in one or two houses Sir W. T. does not say; but I think in one.

"The wars in the Netherlands seemed to have produced the first great captains of modern times; and the following is a sort of succession of generals, such as I recollect from that time to this:—

"Duke of Parma, Prince Maurice, Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Saxe Weimar, and other officers of Gustavus' school, Wallenstein; Turenne, Conde, Montecuculi, William III., Luxembourg, Catinat, Vendôme, Villars; Marlborough, Eugene, Marshal de Saxe, &c.; Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, Dumouriez, Pichegru, Suwarrow; Buonaparte, Moreau, Archduke Charles, Lord Wellington.

"4th.—Gliding through the water with a steady and gentle S. E. trade. I happened, before breakfast, to find a number of Coleridge's paper, called 'The Friend.' It is a refutation of the Doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People. It is not without ideas of great value; but it is impossible to give a stronger example of a man whose talents are beneath his understanding, and who trusts to his ingenuity to atone for his ignorance. Talents are, in my sense, habitual powers of execution; they may be very disproportioned to mind. Coleridge's mind is far above that of —; but the latter is a man of finished talent, for style and verse. Coleridge has either so aimed at objects naturally beyond his reach; or, what I rather believe, he has so fluctuated between various objects, that he has never mastered his subjects, and matured his ideas, in such a degree, as to attain the habitual power of expressing himself with order and clearness. Shakspeare and Burke are, if I may venture on the expression, above talent; but Coleridge is not.

"Those who content themselves with the common speculations of their age, generally possess the talent of expressing them, which must have become pretty widely diffused before the speculations become common; but there are times when there is a general tendency towards something higher, and when no man has quite reached the objects, still less the subsequent and auxiliary powers of expression. In these intervals, between one mode of thinking and another, literature seems to decline, while mind is really progressive; because no one has acquired the talent of the new manner of thinking. The observation appears to me very extensively applicable to the past history of literature, and to be likely to be more extensively applicable to its future history.

"6th.—Read, after an interval of perhaps three years, my essay on English Orators; and, after at least two years, my defence of the style of Fox's History. I am, as usual, much dissatisfied with both, but most with the first. The great fault of my manner is that I overload.

"'Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.' I must confess that what I said two days ago of Coleridge, may at least with equal truth be said of myself.—My talent is far below my understanding.

"7th.—Resumed the pencil—sketched Franklin, coarsely enough in manner; and Sheridan—too short upon his eloquence.

"8th.—Sir William Temple was a most admirable person. He seems to be the model of a negotiator, uniting politeness and address to honesty. His merit, as a domestic politician, is also very great; in an age of extremes he was attached to liberty, and yet averse from endangering the public quiet. Perhaps diplomatic habits had smoked away his turbulence too much for such a government as England. Swift represents him as having brought English style to perfection. Hume, I think, mentions him; but of late he is not often spoken of as one of the reformers of our style—this, however, he certainly was. The structure of his style is perfectly modern; and I have not marked above half a dozen words that are become obsolete. He has, indeed, several gallicisms, but they are chiefly in letters, written in Flanders and Holland, when he was every day speaking French.

"Lord Nelson had a brother, not mentioned in his life, originally in the Bombay marine, and afterwards a commander of a country ship, who was cut off by the Malays. His murderers were executed on the oyster rock in Bombay harbour.

"13th.—Eight years from weighing anchor at the Mother Bank.

"—Cast anchor in St. Helena roads about four P. M. On landing, as Lord — would say, 'under an appropriate salute,' about five, I found an invitation from Colonel Beatson to go to Plantation-house, and remain there during what he calls my 'detention' at St. Helena. I went to the Government-house in town, where I found Colonel Beatson, the Lieutenant-Governor, and one or two more gentlemen, with whom I re-

mained in conversation till the sun had somewhat subsided, when I mounted an odd looking horse, and went with the Governor up the road to Ladder-hill. The hill is 1800 feet high, and the ascent of the road is one foot in ten. The upper part of the valley, in which James Town is situated, lay on our left, and seemed as pretty as any scene could be without trees. About six we reached Plantation-house, a neat thoroughly English house, having in front a lawn, garden, and rocky downs, sloping down towards a boundless sea. We dined in a small room with window curtains. Mrs. — is a nice, natural, smiling, Scotch laussie. As I have been driven in a Cape of Good Hope wagon, eight in hand, and dragged up Ladder-hill in the St. Helena government coach, by six bullocks, I may flatter myself that I have known two of the more singular conveyances of this planet.

"4 P. M.—Sails unfurled for England! The more sanguine say that we are to arrive on the 8th of April, which will be in forty-nine days. In that case we may still eat our wedding-dinner together.—Weighed at half-past five, clearly away by six.

"20th.—I meant to have done something to-day; I know not whether I have fulfilled my intention or lost my morning; I could not tear myself from the letters of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. You know her early history. Without rank, fortune, or even acknowledged name, she collected around her at her humble apartment the most brilliant and illustrious society of Europe. From the accounts of La Harpe and Marmontel it appears that she presided in this society with equal skill and grace; she guided conversation without appearing to do so; she moderated or increased its ardour as occasion required; Turgot and Condillac were amongst those who submitted to her guidance. Turgot admitted her to long and confidential conversations, even when he was minister. Those who knew her considered her as an extraordinary compound of discretion and decorum, with the most excited imagination and the most fiercely burning sensibility.

"I cannot exactly discover her age, but she was pitted with the small-pox, and, by her own account, old and ugly (probably at least forty) when she began to feel and inspire the passions from which the present letters flowed.

"The three volumes which I have read consist of letters written to Guibert during his tour to Berlin in 1773 and his journey through France, and of notes to him at Paris, Versailles, or Fontainebleau. Her frail body was at last destroyed by this dreadful conflict of passions. She died of a fever and cough, regretted more deeply and by more eminent persons than any woman of her time. The letters are in my opinion the truest picture of deep passion ever traced by a human being. When I was young, Rousseau moved my heart to the bottom; very lately I was most powerfully affected by Goethe; but how much more eloquent is love! These letters speak of nothing else. They contain few anecdotes, and not many reflections; but they abound in strokes of nature. The poor writer's heart beats through every sentence.

"One word more on Madlle. de l'Espinasse—she was an illegitimate child. Illegitimacy rouses the understanding to struggle against unjust depression; it naturally inspires a dissatisfaction with the order of society which degrades the innocent. A child who is led to hate his father as a betrayer, his mother as dishonoured, must experience that general disturbance of feeling which must arise from the disordered state of those primary sentiments out of which all human affections spring. This theory is much supported by my observation.

"22d.—Resumed your friend Marie de Rabutin-Chantal. After some days being accustomed to intoxication by the brandy of Madlle. de l'Espinasse, I am not yet quite reconciled to the exquisitely-flavoured claret of Notre Dame des Rochers. Her testimony agrees with that of Madame de la Fayette, with respect to the poverty of spirit and understanding shown by James II. on his arrival at Paris. They were both exquisite observers, and zealously devoted to the cause of James; there cannot be more weighty evidence against him. She praises his queen.

"23d, Sunday, 11 A. M.—I have finished the character of Fletcher of Salton. I am right in substance; but it is very difficult in drawing impracticable virtue to preserve the tone of reverence due to its principle with the necessary warning against the adoption of its errors. I have succeeded as well perhaps as I could expect in a first sketch, but it will require to be frequently re-touched.

"Two years from our parting at Point de Galle. What an old girl poor F— is; she is now in her twelfth year: thus rapidly do the figures in the magic lantern of life glide across the sight!

"24th.—Engaged on the character of Louis XIVth, on which I flatter myself I have thrown some light.

"27th.—I ought to sketch the following papers:—

"1. Plan of a reform in Prize Courts of Appeal.

"2. Plan of a commission to India, and a provisional renewal of the charter, with modifications.

"3. Plan of the introduction of law and regular government into Botany Bay.

"4. Plan of gradually introducing English law, with modifications, at the Cape of Good Hope, with some observations on the value of that colony.

"This morning, at half-past three, I was called by Forbes to see an eclipse of the moon; only half of the orb was then hid. I fell asleep; the whole moon was then eclipsed. I am so careless an observer of natural phenomena, that this is the first total eclipse which I remember to have seen.

"28th.—N. lat., 0° 19'!! W. lon., 15° 20'. Northern hemisphere!

"It is part of Madame de Sevigné's natural character that she is frank, joyous, and does not conceal her relish for the pleasures and distinctions of life. As she indulges every natural feeling just to the degree necessary to animate her character, and to vary her enjoyment, without approaching vicious excess, she finds no inconsistency in rambling from the vanities of Versailles to admiration, at least, of the austerities of Port Royal; she is devout without foregoing the world, or blaming the ambitious. The great charm of her character seems to me a *natural* virtue. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied; nobody, I think, had so much morality without constraint, and played so much with amiable failings without falling into vice. Her ingenious, lively, social disposition gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as being a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, probably an immortal, writer, without expecting it; she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great power of style, she could not have communicated those feelings to others. In what does that talent consist? It seems mainly to consist in a power of working bold metaphors, and unexpected turns of expression, out of the most familiar part of conversational language.

"The style of Madame de Sevigné is evidently copied, not only by her worshipper, Walpole, but even by Gray; notwithstanding the extraordinary merits of his matter, he has the double stiffness of an imitator, and of a college recluse.

"Letters must not be on a subject. Lady Mary Wortley's letters on her Journey to Constantinople, are an admirable book of travels, but they are not letters. A meeting to discuss a question of science is not conversation, nor are papers written to another, to inform or discuss, letters. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation; nor must letters.

"March 1st, Sunday, St. David's day. N. lat., 2° 46'. W. lon. 16°. Ther. 83.—In these light airs, I have calculated the chances of the time in which we may get the north-east trade, from 'Horsburgh's New Directory,' and I find that, out of nineteen vessels, nine get it in, or before, four degrees north latitude, and thirteen before five degrees north latitude.

"I have finished Crabbe ('the Borough') I acknowledge his almost unparalleled power of painting, sometimes humorous, sometimes tender, and often aiming only at likeness, without selection of objects, or intention to excite any particular class of feelings; but the constant recurrence of this one talent, during a long poem, is tiresome. Sometimes he reminds me of Hogarth.

"—Read a curious little pamphlet, containing the opinions of Elizabeth's councillors, among whom were Lord Essex, Lord Burleigh, and Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1596, upon the probability of a Spanish invasion, and the means of resistance. All are against fighting. 'In a battle,' says Sir Walter Raleigh, 'the invader can only lose men; the defender may lose a kingdom.' Surely, surely, these were famous men!

"La Bruyère said of the 'Mercure' on its first appearance, 'Que sa place étoit immédiatement au dessous de rien!' What a rambling journal, which thus joins Horsburgh and La Bruyère!

"—Finished the first eleven chapters of Dr. Clarke's 'Travels,' which seem to contain all that he means to say about the Russians, properly so called. I own that I should not, from what I have hitherto seen, class him high among travellers. His anecdotes are amusing; and I am well disposed to assent to his bad opinion of the Muscovites; but it is mere invective against their vices, without either a charac-



teristic picture of their manners or a philosophical account of their characters. Humboldt carried out a much richer store of the exact sciences than any former traveller: he is a great chemist, naturalist and mathematician; he knew almost everything that can be precisely defined and certainly known; in these respects he evidently far surpasses Volney, who, however, still further surpasses him in that faculty of seizing, by a rapid and comprehensive glance, the character of a country and a people, which is the true genius of a traveller, and which, being possessed in the highest degree by Chardin and Bernier, and united by them to a power of interesting narrative, almost equal to that of Bruce, secure to them an indisputed supremacy in their department of literature. Volney had no adventures and Bruce no exactness; Chardin and Bernier had both. The exact sciences may be acquired by common capacity and industry; but the power of conceiving what cannot be taught, of knowing what cannot be expressed in figures, nor reduced to measure or weight, the talent of quickly and correctly discovering and delineating the character of individuals or nations, is of a much higher and more rare kind.

"The physical world abounds with striking examples of the evil of excess, and proves that there are many subjects, on which two and two do not make four; or, as old Hesiod said, that 'the half is more than the whole.' Rivers large enough to be navigable, and penetrating deeply into the interior of a country, afford the first means of communication, and carry commerce and civilization into the heart of continents. These rivers are at first the only channel of internal navigation, and are afterwards necessary, as Brindle says, 'to furnish waters for canals.' It is natural to wish them to be of the greatest magnitude; but how easy and how pernicious is excess! The Mississippi, the Rio de la Plata, the Indus, the Ganges, from the length of their course, and the bulk of their stream, roll down such quantities of earth, as to form, near their mouths, obstacles in various forms, which render their entrance difficult, dangerous, and, in some cases, impossible. In the same manner, the desire to strengthen authority, subjects it to revolutions; and the desire to extend liberty, has introduced military despotism.

"It has often occurred to me as singular, that there should be such differences between Hungary, Poland, and Russia—three nations almost of the same race, with similar languages, all verging towards Asiatic appearance and manners. The people are in all enslaved, though in Russia more ignorant and superstitious, perhaps partly from professing a form of Christianity not uniting them to the better part of Europe. The Sarmatian grandees have, in all the three countries, vast wealth and territories. In Poland, they have more of the dignity and mental energy inspired by the privileges and struggles of an aristocratic republic. By this character, and by being very anciently an important member of Christendom, they have acquired much more of the western spirit and accomplishments. In Russia, slaves of despotism, and recently admitted among European nations, they continue more like Tartar chiefs. In Hungary, where they have lost their political power, they have imbibed the magnificence of the stately and haughty court which has triumphed over their independence.

"The difference between Sweden and Denmark, two Gothic and Protestant nations, I do not think it easy to explain. Sweden has been distinguished by valour, talent, and science, the country of the two Gustavuses, of Charles XII., of Linneus, inconstant and turbulent, with a history full of romantic adventures and extraordinary revolutions, from a republic to a despotism, and from a despotism to a republic; at one moment giving laws to the north of Europe, at another sunk into a wretched dependency on foreign courts or masters. Denmark has contributed only the single name of Tycho Brahe to the glory of Europe. It is the only country perhaps where absolute power is established by law, and its government has never been shaken by a single revolution, unless we honour with that name an inglorious court intrigue. Without the lustre either of genius or heroism, it has enjoyed a sort of dull prosperity, and, for near half a century, the virtues of the family of Bernstorff have given it the most uniformly mild, and uninterrupted reforming administration, probably, of any European nation. I should be prouder of being a Swede—should I be happier if I were a Dane? I think not. Energy and activity are the sources of human enjoyment.

"At half-past two caught a shark, the first which I had seen since the same sport in the 'Winchelsea.'

"5th.—Calms.—Murmur at our experimental course, which is said to have brought us within three hundred miles of the coast of Africa. We fear that it may require a greater

space of ocean for the formation of the trade-wind. Another shark caught, after having once bitten away the bait, and another time having been wounded by the hook. The third bite must have been an attack on an adversary from resentment. He was attended by two beautiful pilot fish, small, with blue stripes; one of them yesterday seemed to show evident sorrow for the loss of his master. They seemed to me like handsome young pages at the court of a ferocious tyrant: worthless favourites! the more attached to him because his benevolence is confined to them, and he shows cruelty to all others. Sultry and tiresome morning: I must seek relief in occupation. These latitudes of languor have compelled me to relinquish the character of Howard, after having begun it. I must adjourn the characters till two or three days' trade-wind have blown up my spirits to a sufficient height.

"It is remarkable that Joseph Addison, Thomas Tickell, Charles Jenkinson, David Hume, William Eden, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and George Canning, have been under-secretaries of state. David Hume succeeded William Burke. Can this have strengthened Edmund's prejudice against Le Bon David!

"6th.—Finished the first of three volumes called 'Esprit de Mercure de France.'

"The greatest effort of friendship is not to bear the faults of our friends, but to pardon the superiority of their talents."

Oh, selfish Frenchman!

"Very few have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool."

"Fortune and the sun make insects shine."

"Silence is the safeguard of innocence."

"Gross jealousy is distrust of the person loved; Delicate jealousy is distrust of oneself."

"The reason why we have so many unhappy marriages is, that girls are better at making nets than cages."

"Talent is the union of invention with execution."

"19th.—I meant great things to-day, but I am too unwell."

"Some peculiarities seem to belong to a country even under successive races of inhabitants. That of memorable defences of towns by their population is characteristic of Spain, for near 2000 years; Saguntum, Numantia, Barcelona, (in 1714) with Gerona and Saragossa, 'twice renowned,' not to mention many less known, are very remarkable, and as a series not to be paralleled by any other nation. Who will pretend to conjecture on what this depends? The Spaniards are very brave, but so are several other European nations. Something certainly arises from the pride of a secluded nation—their confidence in themselves, and their hatred of the manners and contempt of the prowess of foreigners: something also from their ignorance of war. Desperate defences belong to irregular garrisons; if soldiers were to make such defences, the whole humanity of modern war would be destroyed.

"It now almost seems as if it might be May before we reach England! I have been reading 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and my frame is so easily disturbed, that a few of the most common sentences in the first hundred pages of the first volume have brought tears from me.

"Horne Tooke's is certainly a wonderful work; but the great merit was the original thought. The light which shines through such impenetrable words as articles and pronouns, is admirable—the 'the' and 'it.' No single book, perhaps, ever so much illustrated language; yet, how much more might he have done, if he had known the collateral languages!

"Horne Tooke's style is certainly excellent; it has a terse and poignant simplicity, which places him, if not the first, at least very near the first, among our unornamented writers. He is as clear as Swift, without being ever either so slovenly or so dry. His plainness by no means excludes eloquence; on the contrary, it has a certain earnest and conscientious air, which gives a most undeserved authority to his invectives. As to praise, he confines it to a few of his own sycophants; he praises nobody that deserves it, except Rogers. His invectives against his age, his country, and his literary contemporaries, are not worthy of a wise or good man; his temper is soured, and his character corrupted by philology and disappointed ambition.

"25th.—After a calm of five days, I am enchanted by a little southerly air; but I know not when I am to see you.

"26th.—Unexpectedly taken ill; it is thought accidental, but I fear that all I can carry to you will be a broken constitution, little capable of discharging those large arrears of the business of life, which I have so sadly suffered to accumulate.

"Philadelphia papers, from 10th to 14th February, contain an account of an extraordinary eruption of Etna, and earthquakes at Gosport, on the Mississippi, and at Washington; also of a steamboat, four hundred tons, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, twelve hundred miles—a great burden and a long voyage for a vessel on such a principle. Why not to Bombay?"

"—A blessed southerly breeze; it wafts me neither to the enjoyment of wealth, nor to the hope of greatness, but merely to love and peace in a small family circle!"

"28th.—I am thought to be improving, though I do not feel much better. I have soothed myself by five books of 'Paradise Lost.'

"29th, Sunday.—Once more in the northern temperate zone, after eight years' absence. I was not aware of my extreme debility till I crept out on the deck yesterday evening, the first time for fourteen days. My knees supported me with difficulty for ten minutes. This morning a new calamity!—the white ants have made their appearance, and have destroyed some water-casks, and I have great fears they may end in attacking my books.

"30th.—I am stronger this morning, and, though you are so cruel as to blow from your north right in our teeth, yet as I am either truly or good-naturedly assured of the safety of my books, I am in better spirits. How cold you must be! your wind almost freezes me; it is now breakfast-time, and the thermometer is at 68. When I see you, I hope to hear you sing and say,

'Here behold, so goodly grown,  
Three fair branches of your own.'

"31st.—In the American papers I see advertised the sixth American edition of 'Paley's Philosophy.'—No bad sign of American intellect.

"I find 'Hudibras' heavy—loaded with pedantic learning and temporary allusion; but probably the languor of my present state infects my taste. I have finished the first volume of Macpherson's 'Annals of Commerce,'—a laborious compilation, seemingly ample with respect to England, and scanty about other countries, with no elegance, not much order, nor illuminated by general principles.

"Twice on deck to-day without much fatigue. We are now only 1440 miles south of England!

"April 2d.—I have read, with great and increasing pleasure, thirteen cantos of the 'Faerie Queene,' and I have written the first stanza of my verses\*—I fear, with more truth than poetry. I can truly say, that no other subject in the world could have roused my languor to the composition of fourteen verses.—Shall I see you on Thursday the 23d, which is this day three weeks? Oh, how I long for a sight of you!

"3d.—Finished fifty-six verses, to my great astonishment. Spenser justly felt the superiority of his own art.

'No poet's witte that passeth painter faire,  
In picturing the parts of beauteie daynte,  
So hard a workmanship adventure dare.'

"All Spenser's beauties have yellow hair. Was this the taste of the age, or a compliment to Elizabeth!

"'Through thick and thin'—'By hook and crook'—'With might and main,'—were, in the time of Spenser, phrases admissible in poetry; if any writer, when English becomes a dead language, should mix these phrases with the style of Gray, he would make a jumble probably resembling our best Latinity.

"4th.—Reading Spenser with singular delight. There is no poet in whom you may so often trace Milton.

"5th, Sunday.—I have written you another set of verses, consisting of twenty lines, all written since breakfast, though I have jammed my fingers behind the door.

"I have finished the 'Faerie Queene.' I never parted with a long poem with so much regret. He is a poet of a most musical ear—of a tender heart—of a peculiarly soft, rich, fertile, and flowery fancy. His verse always flows, with ease and nature, most abundantly and sweetly; his diffusion is not only pardonable, but agreeable. Grandeur and energy are not his characteristic qualities. He seems to me a most genuine poet, and to be justly placed after Shakspeare and Milton, and above all other English poets. Spenser and Cervantes, within a few years of each other, wrote great works, founded on the system of expiring chivalry. Spenser has treated it like a poet, and Cervantes like a wit; but those who can

laugh at wit are far more numerous than those who can feel poetry; and hence, without derogating from the transcendent genius of Cervantes, must, in a great measure, be explained the superior popularity of 'Don Quixote.'

"Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon, Shakspeare, and Spenser! What a glorious reign!

"10th.\*—This, as I believe I said last year, is the only holiday in my slender calendar; this year I solemnize it heartily, but I cannot celebrate it gaily.

"11th.—Breakfast swinging in my cot. We are less than three hundred miles from the 'Lizard.'

"—Read the first, and half the second volume, quarto, of Dr. Ferguson's 'Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy.' He was Dugald Stuart's predecessor, and, as I attended his lectures, I heard the substance of his book. I entirely agree with him in rejecting rewards and punishments as motives to virtue. I was rather surprised to find, at the end of his first volume, some observations respecting a future state, bearing some similarity to those which are made in my journal of last August; I am also surprised at finding such grand and, as I think, just notions of the progressive character of the human species. It is not a pleasing, but it is an improving book; it elevates the moral sentiments.

"13th.—In the chops of the Channel!

"—Read, for the first time, the minor poems of Shakspeare; they are most musical, and, with Spenser, Fairfax, Daniel, and Drayton, serve to show that English poetry was most harmonious at the close of Elizabeth's reign. 'Waller was smooth,' is false in the sense in which it was first intended, that he *first* was smooth.

"16th.—Another miserable day of obstinate easterly wind. Cold, motion, delay, disappointment, impatience—unable to walk, or even to stand—every physical and moral evil. Spenser's minor poems steal a few minutes from pain. Do you think that even a Chinese could paint the gay colours of a butterfly with more minute exactness than the following lines!

'The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie;  
The silken down with which his back is dight;  
His broad, outstretched horns, his hairy thighs,  
His glorious colours, and his glistening eyes.'

By-the-by, do you remember the poor Madagascar butterfly that visited us in the 'Winchelsea?' he was the only native of Madagascar whom I have ever seen.

"I have acquired two charming friends this voyage, Spenser and Madame de Sevigné, and one most respectable acquaintance, Sir William Temple.

"19th.—Finished Barthez,† a writer of quite a surprising variety of learning.

"20th.—Resumed Montaigne's 'Essays,' of which my illness suspended the perusal. It is evidently a series of extracts from his 'Journal.' In one respect it is a very remarkable book: it is the first attempt to treat, in a modern language, and in a popular form, questions of great importance to human character and conduct; and it was written when men of letters discussed nothing but subjects either of erudition or metaphysics in a dead language, and in a scholastic dress; it therefore makes an era in the progress of the human understanding. Montaigne was the father of popular philosophy; his 'Essay on Education' is quite admirable; and in that essay, as well as in some others which I have read, it is easy to see how much he was the source of many ideas, and the model of many ways of thinking in more modern times.

"'C'est un bel et grand acquiescement, sans doute, que le Grec et le Latin, mais on l'achète trop cher.' To have said this two hundred and thirty years ago required an independent and original mind.

"'Most great actions,' says he, 'are performed before the age of thirty.'

"Death was terrible to Cicero, delightful to Cato, indifferent to Socrates.

"I think this is a very fine observation. What think you? Why don't you answer?

"22d.—It is remarkable that Montaigne, Bayle, and Hume, the three most remarkable of modern unbelievers, should have been advocates of absolute power. Did this arise chiefly from a submissive natural temper, from sceptical distrust of the superiority of one government over another, from the coldness with which scepticism must naturally affect our feelings; or, in Montaigne, from the civil wars; in Bayle, from the violence of the French Calvinists, who used their little

\* Against the anniversary of the 10th.

† His wedding-day. † "Traité sur le Beau."



authority in exile to oppress him; and, in Hume, from the fanaticism of the Scottish Presbyterians!

"Many of the Lascars have shown symptoms of scurvy. What a dreadful scene it must be to enter the channel, in winter, with such a crew! Forbes has behaved with singular kindness and generosity towards them. As they eat little except rice, they afford a new proof that scurvy may be produced without salted meat, and in spite of fresh vegetable food.

"At half-past one the commodore makes a signal that he sees land.—At three P. M., saw the light-house and adjacent land of Ushant.

"23d.—(St. George's-day).—England cost me last night's sleep; too many anxious thoughts arose. This morning it is said to be visible; but my untaught eyes can only discern a line of haze, which I suppose to mark the coast. We are disagreeably uncertain about the place or mode of landing.

"24th.—The land which bounds Torbay on the west side, is now visible even to me.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Lands at Weymouth—Meeting with his Family—Communication from Mr. Perceval—Political Sentiments—Journey to Scotland—Edinburgh—the Highlands—Chosen a Member of Parliament—Literary and Political Details—Society of London—Speeches in Parliament—Letter from Sir James Scarlett to the Editor.

On the day following, April 25th, Sir James landed at Weymouth, after an absence from England of rather more than eight years, and next day reached London, where he shortly after had the happiness of meeting Lady Mackintosh and her three children, all in the enjoyment of that 'English health and bloom' which formed so sad a contrast with his own state of health. For the present moment, the pleasure of this meeting was sufficient; and in their society, and in that of the numerous friends who hastened to welcome his return, his thoughts and affection were sufficiently interested to make all without appear of secondary importance. Although we have already, whilst he was still in India, seen some speculations on the chances of attaining political station on his return to England; still it was probable not without some surprise that, only a few days after his arrival, an incident occurred, which obliged him to turn his eyes abroad, into the new world into which he had arrived, on the eve of a general election, and to give an earnest of the principles, which, having long pervaded his sentiments in private, were now to govern his conduct in relation to its political parties.

"May 12th.—I was at Richmond last week for three days, for quiet and the recovery of strength. I there received a note from Perceval desiring an interview, which took place at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 8th, at Downing-street. He began in a very civil and rather kind manner, with saying, that, besides his wish to see me, he had another object in the appointment, which was to offer me a seat in Parliament, either vacated or about to be so, which ——— had placed at his disposal. He said that he did not wish to take me by surprise, and would allow me any time that I desired. He added all the usual compliments and insinuations of future advancement. I promised an answer in four or five days—not that I hesitated, for it had long been my fixed determination not to go into public life on any terms inconsistent with the principles of liberty, which are now higher in my mind than they were twenty years ago; but I wished to have an opportunity of sending a written answer, to prevent misconstructions.

"I was preparing to send it on Tuesday evening, when, about seven o'clock, Josiah Wedgwood came into the parlour of our house, in New Norfolk-street, with information that, about five, Perceval had been shot through the heart by one Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker in Liverpool, who had formerly been confined for lunacy in Russia."

We may here just mention a rather curious coincidence, (the particulars of which will be found in a letter which enriches these pages, and concludes this chapter) in which, the above sacrifice, of a long-cherished object of ambition, was rewarded with a somewhat dramatic propriety. On the day mentioned, an old and valued friend had waited upon him, with the object of obtaining (for a reason which will appear)

some explicit assurance that his political sentiments were still those which were the common bond of the friends of rational liberty; and, upon receiving so signal a proof of it as the perusal of the following letter, just about to be transmitted, afforded, could not restrain himself from immediately pronouncing the appropriate reward, by divulging, what need no longer be a secret, and hailing him the future member for the County of Nairn, in the Parliament about to be elected.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL, &c. &c. &c.

"New Norfolk Street, May 11th, 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The kindness, both in substance and manner, of your proposal to me on Friday, leaves me no apprehension that you will impute my declining it to any want of thankfulness and respect; and, from my former observation of you, I am induced to think that you will consider an avowal of my real motive as the best proof of esteem for your character which it is in my power to give.

"If I had no other objection, it would be sufficient that my opinion on the Catholic disabilities is such, that I could not go into Parliament on the implied condition of resisting their immediate repeal, without a sacrifice which I am persuaded you would desire no man to make.

"I can, however, sincerely say, that I have no objection inconsistent with high personal esteem for you.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear sir, yours very truly,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

In the negotiations which followed the above deplorable event, and which had for their object the establishment of a strong and efficient administration, founded upon a broad basis of general opinion (we only glance at public events as the thread of our humble narrative leads us into their neighbourhood,) Sir James was not, as may be supposed, overlooked. The circumstances of his previous life naturally suggested the department of government in which it was proposed he should assist—that which presided over the affairs of India; and which, on account of the impending question of the renewal of the Company's charter, possessed at the moment peculiar importance. On the failure of the attempt to enrol the Lords Grey and Grenville in the proposed administration of the Marquis Wellesley, it became necessary for Sir James to make up his mind how to deal with the subordinate, but independent, proposal which had been conveyed to him through the friendly agency of Mr. Canning. "I had," we find him writing at the time, "no pretensions to political connexion; and, though I had many intimate friends attached to the opposition, I considered their attention to me, since my return, as proceeding purely from personal kindness; but I was to act upon my own political opinions, and they in general coincided with those of opposition. The character and sentiments of public men appeared to me of more importance than most particular measures; and I did not think that a cabinet, formed without any of the leaders of that party, could afford a sufficient security for the prevalence of that system and spirit in the administration of the government to which I am unalterably attached. On these grounds, though without connexion, pledge, or claim, I must have declined acting under a government of which they did not form a part. With respect to my own final determination, I do not wish to conceal it; and I am desirous only, that whenever there may be occasion to mention a circumstance of so little importance, it may be done in such a manner, that I may appear neither to court favour, nor to assume importance." This determination was tried by other tests shortly after the return of the old ministry to power, under the new leadership of Lord Liverpool. A presiding love of moderation in politics, and an inclination to consider principles rather than persons, had the effect, in their tendency to abstract him from party views, of suggesting offers and solicitations on the part of government, which a better knowledge of a character occasionally misrepresented by too facile manners, would have saved. Mentioning one of these latter occasions to his son-in-law, at Bagdad, he says, "It would take too much time to state my reasons for this rejection of offers so advantageous; they are, at any rate, disinterested. I have chosen my part, with an assurance that it will never give me power or influence."

As the summer advanced, in conformity with medical advice, which prescribed the use of the waters of that place, Sir James repaired to Cheltenham for a few weeks, preparatory to his visits to his future constituents in the north.

The details of this journey, and of some subsequent incidents, are contained in the following extracts from letters

which were written for the amusement jointly of the three daughters whom he had left behind him in the east.

"Bath, December 12th, 1812.

"As I shall never have leisure to write separate letters to each of you sufficiently long to give such an account of myself as I am persuaded that you will be desirous to receive, I persist in the practice of writing you a longish letter in this joint style twice or thrice a year, independent of any short letter which I may be able to write to you.

"In the beginning of August we quitted Cheltenham, and after a visit, of about two days each, to Mr. Wedgwood at Maer, to Mr. Philips near Manchester, and to Lord Gillies then at Harrowgate, we spent a very pleasant week at the lakes with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Rogers, who unite, in a very unusual degree, the talents of the town with a taste for the country. Of the lake poets we saw only Wordsworth, whom I esteem very much for his moral qualities, and value higher than most do\* as a poet.

"Edinburgh we found very empty. You have so often heard me speak of my friends, that I shall write as if you felt an interest in them. The person most important to us at Edinburgh was George Wilson, who had retired there from the English bar in consequence of a stroke of the palsy; and we were delighted to find that our excellent friend had a prospect of as mild and cheerful a decline as the lot of human nature allows. We saw, for the first time, Playfair and Jeffrey; the first a person very remarkable for understanding, calmness, and simplicity; the second more lively, fertile, and brilliant than any Scotchman of letters, with more imagery and illustration, added to the knowledge and argumentative powers of his country, and more sure than any native of this island whom I have seen, to have had splendid success in the literary societies of Paris.

"From Edinburgh we went to Kinniel, a place about twenty miles to the west, where we spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart. Of him, you, I dare say, know something from his works, and you all ought to read at least his lives of Smith and Robertson—the part of his philosophical works which relates to taste and morals. As to the merely metaphysical part, it is that from which a woman of sense never ought to abstain if she be inclined to it, and never to read without a strong inclination. In confidential intercourse he is equal to his writings; and Mrs. Stewart is fully equal to him. From Kinniel we went to Glasgow, and, after seeing the beauties of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, visiting one or two little known lakes, (one called Lochard, and one probably well known to Erskine, the Loch of Menteath, which we particularly admired) we had a singular navigation of two miles on the frith of Clyde in a *steamboat*, the first vessel navigated on that principle on the eastern side of the Atlantic.

"We slept two nights at the place of my birth, Aldourie, now inhabited by my cousin, Mr. Tytler, the sheriff of Invernesshire. I am afraid I must confess I exaggerated its beauties. We soon after reached Cawdor Castle,† an old and striking castle in a romantic situation, which was our headquarters during our residence in the highlands. We slept just under the bed shown to travellers as that in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.

"My principal business was to pay complimentary visits to the freeholders, who had promised me their votes, and this did not prevent us from making several excursions.

"After attending the festivities of the northern meeting at Inverness in the last week of October, we turned our faces southward, and passed ten days in Edinburgh. Besides the persons whom I have already named, I became acquainted with Dr. Brown, the new Professor of Moral Philosophy, whom I think a first-rate man. I saw him as often as I could, and I heard his introductory lecture, which was a beautiful piece of philosophical eloquence."

On their way to the south from Edinburgh, the party spent two days with Lord Minto, and a week at Howick with Lord and Lady Grey, "in the best-ordered family, and among the purest people that we had ever seen so nearly." They next spent some time with the Rev. Sydney Smith, at his parsonage near York.

"From the Margravine of Bareith's 'Memoirs,' — has extracted a most skilful and ingenious satire on kings and princes, in No XLII. of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which these ships will carry to you. In the same number he has reviewed

'Crabbe's Tales,' with partiality, but with great occasional felicity. He has made a graceful and sprightly article on 'the Rejected Addresses,' a *jeu d'esprit*, of the greatest merit, written by two sons of a city attorney named Smith, and containing parodies on all our eminently good, or eminently bad poets, except Campbell and Rogers. The same number contains two articles\* by me, which I desire you to guess.

"I have now, my dearest children, endeavoured to contribute to your amusement, by such political and literary intelligence as I should like to have received while I was in India. I have been frequently interrupted by visitors."

"15, Great George-street, Westminster,  
"April, 3rd., 1813.

"I continued at Bath till about the 20th of January. On my way from thence I spent two days at Dropmore, the seat of Lord Grenville, between Beaconsfield and Maidenhead Bridge, where I met Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Horner.

"Lord Grenville, whom I had never seen before, was a considerable object of curiosity and interest to me: he has the cold manners and retired character and habits of his family; he begins no conversation, but very easily enters into any discussion that arises; he has a very strong understanding without genius, much positive knowledge in all the branches and dependencies of politics, and his private studies are Greek and botany, in both of which he is a proficient; he is a very fair reasoner; he seems to me to look on public matters very honestly, and those who have had the opportunity of knowing, say that it is very satisfactory to do business with him; his politics are very whiggish, and he gave me valuable information about modern English history, in which he is, beyond most men, conversant. We had a great deal of talk about India, a subject on which he has more interest and information than any other public man. He is, in the highest degree, adverse to the Company.

From Claremont we went to Malthus's at the East India College, where we had an unusually cheerful day; but just as I was going to bed I was attacked by a fit of shivering, which in the morning was followed by a high fever, and in two days by an erysipelas in the face. The disease went through its course mildly; but it is liable to such sudden turns, that one is always within six hours of death. Mr. Whishaw, though himself unwell, as it afterwards appeared, from the same disease, was unwilling that the object of my journey should be defeated, and went on to Lord Hardwicke's house at Wimpole, where he examined the very curious correspondence between Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and the Duke of Newcastle, from 1737 to 1757, which is to be put into my hands for the purpose of my history. I was confined a fortnight at Mr. Malthus's, where I experienced the kindest hospitality.

"On my return to town we went to Dulwich, where we spent six weeks, with such advantage to my health from the air or the quiet, that I now, for the first time since my landing, venture to consider myself as convalescent. Indeed, all the medical men agree, notwithstanding the obstinacy of my symptoms, that they do not arise from organic disease, so that nothing but time seems to be thought uncertain. Campbell lived within two miles of us, with an agreeable little wife and a pretty boy. He had been unwell. He is now pretty well, and preparing to continue his lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution, as well as to bring out selections from the English poets, with notices biographical and critical, which are to begin, I believe, with Chaucer and to extend to Burns.

"Mr. Plunkett's speech\* has made more impression than any speech since Mr. Sheridan's in 1787, on the charge against Hastings respecting the Begums of Oude. It is, I believe, the only speech which is certainly known to have determined the votes of several individuals. For the honour of Scotch conscience, I am happy to say that it was the direct and sole cause of the votes of two Scotchmen, Mr. A——, and F——. The last is enthusiastic in his admiration for Mr. Plunkett and in his zeal for the Catholics, whose cause seemed in winter likely enough to be ruined by the coalition of the court, the parsons and the mob, against all the men of sense in the country. The majority in the House of Commons in their favour was more influenced by speaking than any other in modern times, and as the Catholics are now a little temperate in their language, we have sanguine hopes of their success.

\* On "Wakefield's Ireland," and Dugald Stewart's "Account of the Boy born Blind and Deaf."

† On the removal of the Catholic disabilities.

\* (1812.)

† The seat of Lord Cawdor.



"Brougham, who is out of Parliament, was at first the Princess's sole adviser. When she published her letter, every body thought that he had ruined her; but it has since appeared that he was only wisely bold, and that he had calculated exactly the timidity of —, the weakness of his case, the value of the first impression, and the embarrassment of ministers, of whom some had been the Princess's confidential advisers, and all had concurred in formally pronouncing her innocence. Though they deserted her, yet they could not openly annul their own deliberate judgment. The extreme unpopularity of —, and the natural interest inspired by a wife abandoned by her husband, had a great effect. The result of these causes, combined with the most stupid blunders on the part of the other side, have given her the most complete victory. All the world is with her, except the people of fashion at the west end of the town.

\* \* \* \* \*

"An examination is now going on at the bar of the House of Commons respecting India, at which I have been constantly present, with no inconvenience, as the Speaker has allowed me, in my character of an Indian judge, to sit under the gallery. The examination of Hastings, which occurred last Tuesday, was a very striking exhibition. The appearance of a man of fine countenance, and in possession of spirit and strength, as well as understanding, at the distance of thirty years after he had retired from the supreme government, respectfully listened to as a witness, at the same bar where he had been arraigned as a culprit, created a strong interest. The exhibition was more striking than the testimony was important. The whole effect of his evidence consisted in giving the sanction of a name to the prevalent fears of colonization. Rickards sat next me, on one side and Ellis on the other, so that we seemed a Bombay party in St. Stephens.

"The reason of my being at the levee was to thank the Prince for having granted me access to a very valuable collection of papers, which he has lately procured. They are those of the Stuart family, bequeathed by Madame d'Albany, the natural daughter of the last Pretender, to the Abbate Waters, an English Dominican at Rome, who sold them to Sir John Cox Hipplesley for the Prince. The Prince offered 1000*l.* or 100*l.* per annum; the poor abbate preferred the annuity, and died in six months. They have been detained at Civita Vecchia these ten years in consequence of the troubles in Italy. They consist in a copy in four folio volumes of the Life of James II., corrected by his son, of James II.'s will, advice to his son, &c., and of innumerable letters to and from the exiled family, from 1701 to 1749, which are particularly curious, and abound with unexpected proofs of the very wide diffusion of Jacobitism at a period when it was generally supposed to be extinct. I go to the library at Carlton House four hours of three days in the week to make extracts from them. The Prince spoke to me about them yesterday, so long and so graciously, as to make the whole circle stare. They no doubt suspected that deep political mysteries were the subject of our conversation. To me he has behaved very handsomely, considering that I had twice declined office, on messages directly from himself, accompanied with every acknowledgment of the past and promise for the future.

"Last night I heard the best speech to which I have listened for ten years. It was from Lord Grenville, in support of Romilly's bill to take away the punishment of death for stealing in shops. It was a speech full of liberal principles and comprehensive views, delivered with all the force and weight that became them. It had every sort of merit, being philosophical, eloquent, and benevolent. But the bill was rejected by twenty-six to fifteen, there being in the majority five bishops and two Princes of the Blood!

"Within these two days the body of Charles I. (the exact spot of whose interment could never before be ascertained) was, after the lapse of near one hundred and sixty years, discovered in St. George's chapel at Windsor. The head is with the trunk, and two of the vertebrae of the neck are chopped by the axe. It was rather curious that I, the descendant of Jacobites, should have learned this discovery, when employed in perusing the papers of the House of Stuart, after their final banishment, in the palace of a Prince of the House of Brunswick.

"I believe that I have now told you shortly the greatest part of what is likely to interest your curiosity, or contribute to your amusement. I have written this morning under the oppression of a sick headache, and I can now only add my love and blessing to you all.

"May 11th.

"My mornings continue to be occupied in the examination

of the Stuart MSS. at Carlton House, which I mentioned in my last. In about a fortnight I must set out for Scotland to be elected. My health is greatly better than it has been at any time these three years, though it is yet by no means robust, nor even quite re-established.

"The Indian evidence still goes on. They speak of examining me for the outports; but it does not yet seem certain whether any witnesses will be examined for the outports or not.

"Mr., Mrs., and Miss Edgeworth are just come over from Ireland, and are the general objects of curiosity and attention. I passed some hours with them yesterday forenoon, under pretence of visiting the new Mint, which was a great object to them, as they are all proficient in mechanics. Miss Edgeworth is a most agreeable person, very natural, clever, and well informed, without the least pretensions of authorship. She had never been in a large society before, and she was followed and courted by all the persons of distinction in London, with an avidity almost without example. The court paid to her, gave her an opportunity of showing her excellent understanding and character. She took every advantage of her situation, either for enjoyment or observation; but she remained perfectly unspoiled by the homage of the great. Mr. Edgeworth is, like his daughter, with considerable talents and knowledge; Mrs. Edgeworth very sensible and agreeable. Upon the whole, the party make a great acquisition to London, where they propose to stay a month.

"One of the most interesting exhibitions of this season is of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures, which have been sent from all parts of the kingdom by the owners, and which are remarkable, not only for the genius of the master, but as a gallery of all the beauties, wits, and heroes of the last sixty years, who have almost all been painted by Sir Joshua. Their surviving companions look upon them with melancholy interest. Lady Crewe, whose name you have heard, said last night to me, that she and Sir William Scott, in walking along, saw the walls almost covered with their departed friends.

"September 4th.

"Early in June I went down to Cheltenham to try the effects of the water, while my election was going on in Scotland.\* I stayed there three weeks, with advantage to my health, but not with the effect of re-establishment. I went to Bath, to be present at the marriage of your uncle Daniel. I arrived in London on the evening of the illuminations for the battle of Vittoria, and took my seat in the House of Commons. My first division was rather a singular one, both because I was in a majority, and one composed of saints; it was in support of the declaration that missionaries ought to be permitted to go to India, under proper precautions. This appeared to me no more than a bare toleration of Christianity. Wilberforce told me that he considered my vote as worth many.

"On my return I found the whole fashionable and literary world occupied with Madame de Staël, whom you know was the authoress of 'Corinne,' and the most celebrated woman of this, or, perhaps, of any age. She had long been persecuted by Buonaparte with the meanest rancour for the freedom of her sentiments, and she at length left her house at Copet, in Switzerland, and found her way, by the extraordinary route of Vienna, Moscow, Petersburg, and Stockholm, to England. She passed through Moscow a fortnight before it was burnt, and at Stockholm remained some months in the society of her former Parisian friend, Bernadotte. From him she came here full of zeal for the new alliance against France, of which he is the hope, and has been wonderfully well received by the Prince and his ministers here, with whom she agrees in their continental politics, more than with the Whigs, whose general principles would naturally have been more agreeable to her. She treats me as the person whom she most delights to honour; I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon; I have, in consequence, dined with her at the houses of almost all the Cabinet Ministers. She is one of the few persons who surpass expectation; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular, if, in society, she were to confine herself to her inferior talents,—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature,—which are so much more suited to conversation than her eloquence and genius. I have

\* The year during which it was necessary that he should have been on the county roll of voters, to be eligible as a member, had only just expired. Colonel Rose, of the ancient house of Kilravock, had obligingly sat, for the intermediate period, as his *locum tenens*.

reviewed her essay 'On Suicide' in the last Edinburgh Review;\* it is not one of her best, and I have accordingly said more of the author and the subject than of the work. Her book 'On Germany' suppressed three years ago by Buonaparte at Paris, will appear in about four weeks; you will have it by the China ships. I saw Lord Wellesley fight a very good battle with her, at Holland House, on the Swedish treaty; indeed he had the advantage of her, by the politeness, vivacity, and grace with which he parried her eloquent declamations and unseasonable discussions. I could tell you a great number of her good sayings and stories, if I had strength and spirits, but I must reserve them for a season of more vigour.

"The greater part of the month of July I passed in Holland House, in Charles Fox's apartment. My residence would have been delightful, if illness had not counteracted the influence of the society and the scene. I passed a few days at the villa of Lord Auckland, called Eden Farm, where I slept in the bed of Mr. Pitt twenty-four hours after having slept in that of Mr. Fox.

"We were down with Sharp, at his place, of which you have often heard us speak, in the 'Happy Valley,' and we have been, some part of every week, at Madame de Staël's, at Richmond.

"December 24th.

"On the whole, I think that I am better, though the improvement is more in prospect than in feeling.

"After I wrote to you, our head-quarters continued in London. The month of September was chiefly varied by excursions in the neighbourhood, and especially to Madame de Staël, who had a house at Richmond. In October I went to Cheltenham, leaving Lady M. and the children at home. I remained there three weeks. I cannot say that I profited much by the waters, but I spent my time very agreeably, dining every day with Lady Carnegie, the widow of Sir David Carnegie, who, with her numerous family of agreeable daughters, had settled there for a year. There were many Bombayers.

"From Cheltenham I went, on the 24th of October, to Lord Lansdowne's, at Bowood, where I passed a brilliant, but rather a fatiguing week, with a very distinguished party—Madame de Staël, Sir S. Romilly, M. Dumont, and Mr. Ward. I came back to town in time for the meeting of Parliament, and not without hopes of taking a part in the business of the first day; but my health failed, and I was obliged to be a mute. The short session of six weeks went off with unexampled unanimity. I was at length tempted, by a glimpse of health, to take a part on the last day, and to make a protest, of which I shall never repent, on behalf of Holland and Switzerland. I knew well enough that it had no chance of being favourably heard in the present cry of triumph; I am encouraged by all my friends to hope that, as far as it relates to myself personally, the trial which I have made, under every disadvantage of health and subject, gives me all reasonable assurance of future success in Parliament.

"In the last Edinburgh Review† you will find two articles of mine, one on Rogers, and the other on Madame de Staël; they are both, especially the first, thought too panegyric. I like the praises which I have bestowed on Lord Byron and Thomas Moore.‡ I am convinced of the justness of the praises given to Madame de Staël.

"Lord Byron is the author of the day; six thousand copies of his 'Bride of Abydos' have been sold within a month. Three thousand five hundred copies of Madame de Staël's 'Germany,' in French and English, have been sold within six weeks. Madame D'Arblay's novel,§ in five volumes, will be out in a few days, but doubts of its success are rather prevalent, from her long disuse of writing and residence abroad. Miss Edgeworth's new novel,|| also in five volumes, is expected in a few days. The doubts respecting it are founded chiefly on its length, and on its being a novel, which is not so much her province as tales. I have, however, little doubt that both will be excellent, though perhaps not invulnerable to the attacks of this sneering town.

"The extraordinary political news of the day is, that Bu-

onaparte has consented to the basis of peace laid down by the Allies. We Whigs dread the too great success of the Allies; we should not think any country secure, if they could give a king to France. Madame de Staël said to me two days ago, that it was a contest between a *man* who was the enemy of liberty, and a *system* which was equally its enemy.

"You will be pleased with the letters of the children, who recollect you with constant kindness."

Amongst the visitors at Bowood whom he has enumerated—one not the least gifted in all those accidents of mind and circumstances which make a formidable judge in such case—the late Earl of Dudley, then Mr. Ward, thus expressed himself to a friend of kindred accomplishment, the present Bishop of Llandaff, in reference to the source of some of his pleasurable recollections of his visit:—"You were very unlucky in not seeing Mackintosh: I never met with any person whose conversation was at once so delightful and so instructive. He possesses a vast quantity of well-arranged knowledge, grace and facility of expression, and gentle and obliging manners. It would be hard to find another person, of equal talents and acquirements, so perfectly unassuming; or one so ready to talk, whose conversation was so well worth listening to. Pride, reserve, laziness, and that mortal dread of being thought bores, or pedants, which haunts our English society, continually prevent the ablest and best-informed people from conversing in a satisfactory way upon the subjects upon which they are best acquainted. Now Mackintosh, though nothing can be less like a pedant or a bore, has no prudery of that sort, but is always ready to discuss, to communicate, and to explain."

Such impressions sufficiently convey an idea of those qualities which produced them, and the union of which, in the same individual, called forth from Lord Byron\* the exclamation—

"So mighty and so gentle too!"

His society was no less appreciated, as we have seen by his own playful allusion to Madame de Staël, by one of different sex and nation; he was the very person fitted to be a connecting link between the systems of social intercourse, as they exist in France and England. The vigour, the variety, and the freedom of his conversation, was sure to restore to her mind the spring and elasticity of which it was sometimes deprived by the chilling influence of the torpid reserve that pervades our moral atmosphere. She could not but perceive that the power of her genius was adequately felt, and in turn proclaimed, with characteristic openness, the estimation in which she held his intellectual superiority. She looked for his colloquial powers wherever she went, and had almost persuaded herself that his presence was indispensable to her complete enjoyment of society in England.

Endowed with such faculties of pleasing and being pleased, it is not surprising that he devoted all the time that his still frail state of health permitted, to the enjoyment of the present moment, in the peculiarly brilliant circles which political events, in concurrence with other accidental circumstances, had drawn together in the British capital, and over which the triumphant success of the allied arms, and the consequent establishment of peace, after so unprecedented a length of warfare, had breathed a feeling of exhilaration, which might almost be said to extend to the sentiments of individuals.

Another effect of the ebb of the tide of war, was the restoration of that intercourse with his friends on the continent, to which he had eagerly looked forward. The following letter, from his old college friend, contains the resolves of a powerful mind placed in a trying conjuncture of circumstances, and reflects much light on the feelings of the moment.

"Liege, March 27th, 1814.

"Your letter found me no longer at Hanover, but at the head quarters of the Prince of Sweden, where I thought it my duty to repair, as soon as he entered France. However averse I am in general to any steps which seem to co-operate with foreign forces against French independence, every considera-

\* No. XLII.

† No. XLIII.

‡ "Redde the Edinburgh Review of Rogers; he is ranked high, but where he should be. There is a summary view of us all; Moore and me among the rest; and both (the first justly) praised, though, by implication (justly again,) placed beneath our memorable friend. Mackintosh is the writer, and also of the criticism on Madame de Staël."—*Lord Byron's Journal*.

§ "The Wanderer."

|| "Patronage," in 4 vols.

\* The following trifle is not without its illustrative force:—

"DEAR SIR JAMES,

"I was to have left London on Friday, but will certainly remain a day longer (and believe I *would* a year,) to have the honour of meeting you. My best respects to Lady Mackintosh.

"Ever your obliged

"and faithful servant,

"Sept. 27th, 1813.

"BYRON."



tion must yield, in my opinion, to the necessity of overturning the most systematical and baneful tyranny, that ever weighed, with iron weight, on mankind. My last publication, a copy of which I hope you have received, has already explained to you, I suppose, what are my notions on modern patriotism. It cannot, like that of the ancients, be irrevocably confined within the narrow bounds of a particular territory. Liberty, religious feelings, humanity, are the general property of our species; and when the government of a nation attempts to rob the world of all that ought to be dear to every inhabitant of the world—when it tramples on every idea, every hope, every virtue—that nation, as long as it consents to be the tool of that government, is no longer composed of fellow-citizens, but of enemies that must be vanquished, or madmen that must be chained.

“There is a great difference between the system of Buonaparte and that of Robespierre. The last was a series of bloody but stupid and uncalculated crimes, which, though fatal for the present hour, did not extend their influence over the time that was to follow. Such a perpetual and indiscriminate slaughter could never be set up as a pattern for future governments of any kind. Had I therefore been then in France, I would have concurred to defend it against invasion, even while it groaned and bled under a brutish tyrant and his fellow-murderers. The despotism of Buonaparte is not in the same case. It has enough of civilization to deceive those who only seek a pretence for proclaiming themselves deceived. Robespierre could only be supported by wretches, who knew they set themselves at war with every feeling respected in every country and in every age. Buonaparte draws into his nets those numerous honest men, who wish for the benefit of becoming rogues without publicly changing their colours, and encourages by his protection all the rogues that find it convenient to call themselves honest men. He teaches degradation to the people and tyranny to the men in power; he poisons everything that was pure, levels everything that was high, and makes of this miserable earth a sea of mud and blood, where the huge monster delights to prance and strut, surrounded with the subordinate monsters he has created and instructed. He must fall before we can think of anything else; he must fall, that we may have time to think of anything else. I am sometimes vexed, but never frightened, at the attempts other governments, even while they struggle against him, are making to establish their own despotism. Let us pull down the master, and easy will it be to check those awkward apprentices.

“I perceive that I have launched into a long exposition of my political creed; but as I know this creed is not entirely yours, I could not resist the desire of justifying my line of conduct in your opinion, which is to me of so great value. \* \* \* “Alas! all the friends of my youth disappear; and Scotland, if ever I see it again, will present me with nothing but funeral stones.

“I have often boasted of your friendship, when your literary and political eminence were my only mode of communicating with you, unknown to yourself, and when I had but very faint hopes of your remembering me. You may, therefore, well believe that the renewal of that friendship has been one of the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced.

“Your old and ever

“Devoted and attached friend,

“B. CONSTANT.”

Meanwhile, the results of the Russian campaign and Buonaparte's reverses had completely changed the condition of the English ministry, which, seeming to be associated with the successes of the Allies, had partaken of their reputation, and were now firmly established in the confidence of parliament. It was, as he himself has mentioned, amidst this unreflecting cry of victory, that Sir James first raised his voice in the House of Commons, in support of those principles which, prostrate as they had long been under the feet of Buonaparte, were now, it was feared, to be exposed to danger from another quarter—from a combination of princes, no less hostile in their views to national independence than the master of whom they had been the “awkward apprentices.” The danger of the two countries which he has mentioned—Holland and Switzerland—seemed amply to have justified his solicitude. In answer to a somewhat irregular call, the Prince of Orange had repaired to the first country shortly before, and had assumed the title of a sovereign prince. This title, appearing in the credentials of a British minister, was unsightly to many, who thought that the name in which William the Third delighted might have satisfied his descendant, and who accordingly were well pleased by the information, that the British government had lent no sanction to the change. In the part of the speech which related to the second country, after due praise is ac-

corded to the principles announced in the manifesto of the Allies, the authorities upon which rest the fundamental doctrine of non-intervention, are arrayed against the apprehended violation of the neutrality of Switzerland, with an anxiety proportioned to the greatness of the temptation which her situation offered for making her the ground of military operations. On the whole, the success of his first appearance—critical as it was, from the advanced age at which it was made—with a conviction that he had a somewhat established reputation to support, with no resources of health to draw upon—was the subject of cordial congratulations amongst his friends; and Mr. Canning would, perhaps, if he had been present, have availed himself then of the opportunity, which a subsequent effort, on the 12th of May, in behalf of the independence of Norway, afforded him, “of congratulating the house on so splendid an acquisition—the value of which he well knew before, but had not the pleasure of witnessing till that night.”

Towards the beginning of the session we find the name of Mackintosh associated, for the first time, with that of Romilly, in the latter's attempt to reform the criminal law, by erasing from the statute-book the absurd doctrine of the corruption of blood in convicted felons, and its cruel consequences. The eve of the assembling of the congress of Vienna, seemed to present an opportunity, not to be neglected, for interposing an appeal in behalf of Poland, while her name was not as yet rased from the map of Europe. It closed his first session—satisfactorily, if only as drawing forth the following tribute of gratitude at the hands of the most illustrious of her citizens:—

“Vôtre discours, prononcé au parlement en faveur de la Pologne, est plein de sentimens genereux, de raisons solides et d'une politique sage. Tous les Polonais vous remercient par mon organe, et je suis flatté d'être l'interprète de leur reconnaissance.

“Daignez continuer, Monsieur le Chevalier, de nous assister au parlement, afin que tous ses membres puissent partager vos intentions bienveillantes.

“Votre âme noble a bien développé qu'il serait aussi glorieux que s'éant pour l'Angleterre de rétablir la Pologne, et en même tems d'épargner à l'Europe un avenir aussi orageux que l'état dont elle vient de la tirer.

“Jamais les Polonais, quoique partagés, ne se soumettront volontairement à un joug étranger, moins encore par une haine pour eux, que par le sentiment de leur propre dignité, et l'exaltation de l'amour de leur patrie, qui concentre toutes leurs affections, et occupent uniquement tous leurs desirs.

“Veuillez bien recevoir, Monsieur, mes sentimens particuliers et mon hommage ainsi que l'assurance de ma plus haute consideration.

“T. KOSCIUSKO.

“14 Août, Paris, 1814.”

It remains to conclude this chapter with a letter with which the Editor has been favoured, and to which allusion has been made in the commencement of it. The distinguished writer's recollection embraces, it will be seen, some earlier details of interest; but the particulars relating to Sir James's first entry into parliament, and to his first public association with the political party which he served so faithfully and so well, seem to point out the present as the most fit place for its insertion as a whole. If instances of such ingratitude were not already hackneyed, this position will not be without its effect, in bringing what follows, on the conduct of the Whig leaders, in closer juxtaposition with the sacrifices which were made to the principles of their party. The very excellent remarks, moreover, on the nature and tendency of eloquence such as Sir James's, will prepare the reader for a just estimation of the motives and objects which directed his parliamentary course, at the beginning of which we are arrived.

“MY DEAR SIR,

\* \* \* \* \*

“Amongst the numerous answers to Mr. Burke's celebrated ‘Reflections on the French Revolution,’ the ‘Vindicie Gallicæ’ was the only one which attracted much public notice at the time, and has maintained its reputation since. The rest were declamatory trash, founded for the most part upon the assumption that democracy was the only lawful form of government, or upon the vulgar principle of hostility to all government as an encroachment on the rights of man. The ‘Vindicie Gallicæ’ was an attempt, an once ingenious and profound, to justify the first steps of the French revolution upon the theory of the British constitution, and thus to refute Mr. Burke upon his own principles. The events which verified

that illustrious writer's predictions had not then occurred. The prospect of the future was open to the speculations of the enthusiast, as well as of the philosopher. The scene which was passing had not then been deformed by any striking example of deliberate cruelty or injustice. The petty and temporary mischiefs of sedition might well be counted as nothing when compared with the lasting miseries of servitude; but even these mischiefs had been then visible, only as exceptions, in the general progress of the revolution. The chains of tyranny were not broken by tumultuous violence, but appeared to be dissolved by the triumph of reason over authority and prejudice. The most civilized nation in Europe was about to realize the dream of a social contract. A government, dictated by the purest patriotism and the most exalted wisdom, was to be adopted by the public will, and to exhibit a splendid example of the union of perfect liberty with justice, peace, good order, and happiness. It was natural for a very young man, who, like Mr. Mackintosh, combined the genuine spirit of philosophy with a generous enthusiasm for liberty, to oppose his sanguine hopes to the gloomy prognostics of the venerable sage, whose opinions were tempered by long experience and profound observation of mankind. These had taught him that the influence of passion over any assembly of men increases in proportion to their numbers more than the influence of reason; that the worship of liberty in the abstract was a delusive mysticism; that the institutions in which she is embodied must be the growth of time; that they can only flourish after they have taken root in the sentiments and affections of a people; and that it was visionary to expect that an assembly, however formed, should *extempore* make a constitution that would either meet with or merit general approbation. There was, however, a power of reasoning as well as a spirit of candour in the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' that did not escape Mr. Burke, who was pleased to cultivate an acquaintance with the author, and to express his admiration of the work. It certainly produced a great impression upon me. The first time it fell into my hands, I devoted the entire night to the perusal of it, and rose with a strong admiration of the various powers, as well as the learning, it exhibited, and an equal desire to become acquainted with the author.

"The opportunity did not present itself till some time afterwards, when Mr. Mackintosh, being called to the bar, was proposed as a candidate in a debating society of which I was a member. The society was then confined to barristers and members of Parliament, and reckoned amongst its members several individuals who have since figured in eminent stations.—Mr. Perceval, Lord Bexley, Mr. Richard Ryder, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Tenterden, Lord Lyndhurst, and others who, if fortune had been equally favourable to their pretensions, might perhaps have been as conspicuous. The nation was then involved in war. The character which the French revolution had by that time exhibited, exposed those, who were suspected to have ever been its partisans, to a proscription from certain circles. The majority of our little society consisted of the supporters of the war and of the government. I trembled for the fate of Mr. Mackintosh, till I found in Mr. Perceval an equal admiration of his work, and an equal desire with my own to receive him into our society. His influence was employed to canvass for him, and we had the satisfaction to carry his election, and shortly after to form an acquaintance with him. He was soon distinguished by his power and eloquence as a debater, and not less by the sweetness of his temper and the facility of his manners. He became popular even with those who had been most opposed to his entrance. Every one was glad to cultivate his society, and no man was more courted or caressed by those who could appreciate his extensive and accurate knowledge, or could profit by the graces and richness of his conversation. He was the centre of a very extensive literary circle, which embraced the most distinguished, with many other meritorious though less known, proficients in literature. In his house and at his table were enjoyed the most agreeable as well as the most enlightened society in London. It was my happiness to be allowed to cultivate a close intimacy with him which was never interrupted during his life. I mention with mixed sensations of pleasure and regret, the names of some of those who were our common friends, and who formed the principal figures in our social intercourse—Romilly, Dumont, Tennant, Whishaw, Rogers, Sharp, Robert Smith, and the Rev. Sydney Smith. At a meeting at the house of Mr. Mackintosh, a dinner-club was projected, which lasted for about twenty-five years, under the provisional name of the 'King of Clubs.' It comprised many very distinguished and agreeable persons: I am at a loss to know why it ever ceased.

"In the more unmixed circles of his society, almost every

subject of letters and metaphysics was freely discussed, and in every discussion, Mr. Mackintosh bore an eminent part, not only for knowledge and acuteness, but for a spirit of candour and a love of truth, which were ever in him paramount to the desire of victory. His learning, various and extensive, was not confined to ancient authors, nor to those of the English language, in which last he was deeply read, but embraced a great portion of foreign literature, more especially German and French. With the latter he was particularly conversant, and enjoyed, amongst the philosophers and men of letters of France, a distinguished reputation. His facility in the French language was proved by a remarkable instance before he went to India. A cause between two Frenchmen had been referred to arbitration; he was counsel for the plaintiff. The defendant, a noble emigrant, pleaded his own cause in person. When the parties were assembled before the arbitrator, the defendant complained of the hardship to which he was exposed from his imperfect knowledge of English, having to combat a gentleman of such extraordinary talents as he who appeared for his opponent was known to possess. Mr. Mackintosh, to accommodate him, without further preparation, made his speech, and conducted the whole controversy, in French, with a facility and elegance that were applauded by all who heard him. The author, whom he always appeared to me to prefer above all others, was Cicero, with every part of whose writings he was familiar, and retained in his memory most of the passages which he thought distinguished by any peculiar merit. He considered him the greatest master of morals and philosophy, and his works the most universal magazine of wisdom and eloquence; he thought that if Demosthenes equalled him in force and vehemence of passion, he was far from approaching him in variety, grace, urbanity, imagination, or knowledge. The delight he took in this author, if we may trust the judgment of Quintilian, proved the perfection of his taste. '*Multum ille profecisse se sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.*'

"He had chosen the Norfolk circuit which did not offer a very extensive field to his exertions. His progress in the profession of the law at the commencement was not equal to his just pretensions; he was desirous of devoting a portion of his time and his abundant knowledge to giving public lectures on the law of nature and nations. For this purpose, he applied to the society of Lincoln's Inn for the use of their hall. There again he was encountered by political prejudice; difficulties were suggested, and objections urged, of a formal nature, against such an appropriation of the hall; but the real objection was, the apprehension of the doctrines he might teach. Mr. Perceval once more became his friend, and used his influence with such of the benchers as were known to him, to set them right, and subdue their scruples. Whilst the negotiation was pending, however, he composed the preliminary lecture—a sort of prospectus of the whole design, and of the principles of the lecturer. Having submitted the manuscript to some of his most intimate friends, he was advised to publish it without delay, as the best measure he could adopt to secure the approbation of the public, and obtain the consent of the benchers to his application. The effect produced by this publication surpassed our most sanguine hopes. It was received with unmixed applause by all parties, and most highly valued by those who were the best judges. The style was, in simplicity and elegance, a great improvement upon that of the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' which bore too evident marks that the author had, in his early studies been captivated by the vigour of Dr. Johnson. His more mature taste had relished the sweetness and delicacy of Addison and the richness of Burke. I am disposed to consider this essay as the most perfect of all his writings. The late Dr. Currie of Liverpool, himself a great example as well as a great critic in the art of composition, in a letter to me on the subject of Mr. Mackintosh's literary attainments, expressed his opinion that this essay had placed him at the head of the writers of the present age. Everybody became anxious to hear the lectures which were announced with so much elegance, learning, and reverence for truth. The difficulties of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn vanished, and their hall was never more honoured than by the use which they now readily permitted him to make of it. There he delivered a course of lectures to the most learned and polite audience which the metropolis could afford:—not students only, who sought instruction as a duty, but peers, ministers of state, members of parliament, eminent judges, the gravest lawyers, and the most distinguished men of letters, crowded to hear and admire him. Here, with little preparation, and, for the most part without previous composition, he poured out the abundance of his stores in the most perspicuous and elegant diction, with a facility, and force of argument



and illustration, that could not be surpassed. Maintaining all the principles which induced him to take a liberal view of the theories of government and society, he nevertheless thought it the duty of a teacher of morals and politics to inculcate rules and not exceptions, and to prove that it was not the great business of life to seek out the occasions, and cherish the means of resistance to authority—much less to preach up discontent as a merit, and sedition as a duty. He satisfied his friends, and conciliated his opponents in politics, by aiming his flight above all party questions and temporary topics, and laying the great foundations of society, and government, and law, in the wants and principles of human nature. During this extraordinary display of talent, Mr. Mackintosh maintained as high a reputation as it was possible for a private individual to enjoy. The way was opened to him into every society; his presence was esteemed an honour and a charm in every company. But though these lectures added so greatly to his fame, the popularity they gave him, and the habits of life they produced, were not so favourable to his progress at the bar. To descend from knowledge to rudiments is ever an irksome task, and it was not to be expected that one, who possessed so complete a mastery over the great rules and principles of all legal science, should readily condescend to the daily drudgery necessary to the technical parts of practice in the legal profession, and not very consistent with the allurements offered by a command of society, and a peculiar facility both of receiving and giving pleasure in it. Nevertheless, it is certain that he might have accomplished whatever his taste had led him to desire in the profession of the law. He had become too well known not to be well encouraged, and it seemed to depend upon himself what degree of success he should attain, and in what particular line. He confined his practice chiefly to the business of parliament, as most suitable to his taste and habits, and made rapid advances in that department. During the short peace of Amiens and the administration of Mr. Addington, he was called upon to defend Monsieur Peltier, the editor of a French journal published in London, who was prosecuted by government for a libel upon Buonaparte, then first consul of France. The defence has been published; considered as a treatise, it is a master-piece of eloquence and reason. Some, however, who most esteemed the author, thought that the manner was too didactic; that the style had borrowed something from the habits of the lecturer, and that it wanted the compression and force that were desirable in forensic performances. Whatever might be its defects in these particulars, in my judgment, its merit in others surpassed the powers of any other advocate. Monsieur Peltier was convicted; but the war which soon followed, rescued him from punishment.

"During the continuance of the peace, Mr. Mackintosh visited Paris. His reception there, and his success in society, was as remarkable as in England. The first Consul expressed a strong desire to see him: he was accordingly introduced; but, by some accident, Buonaparte had mistaken for him Mr. W. Frankland, and had paid that gentleman many compliments upon his reputation as a writer, and particularly as the author of the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.' Mr. W. Frankland, not being much accustomed to speak French, found it impossible to deceive him, and was obliged to accept the civilities intended for Mr. Mackintosh, whose conversation with the great captain was confined to such trifling questions as are necessarily current at all courts. One of those questions which I believe was proposed to him, as well as to Mr. Erskine, was, whether he had ever been Lord Mayor of London. The mistake was afterwards a subject of much pleasantry with both the gentlemen who had been the subjects of it.

"The administration of Mr. Addington, and the hollow truce, miscalled a peace, which accompanied it, had to a certain extent, and for a certain time, softened the asperity of political parties in England. During this period the office of Recorder of Bombay was proposed to Mr. Mackintosh by the minister in the most flattering terms. Those of his friends who were most attached to him viewed with regret his determination to accept it. They deplored deeply the loss of his society, and entertained a hope that a splendid career awaited him in his own country. They felt it as a reproach to Great Britain that so distinguished a man should be banished from her shores to seek the means of honourable subsistence for himself and his family in any other land. They could not however presume to judge of the circumstances which made this step a measure of prudence on his part, and they fully acknowledged that to accept a judicial station, in which he could only serve his country with integrity and advantage when perfectly impartial and unbiassed by political faction, was perfectly consistent with his honour, and with the alle-

giance due to that party with whom he was most connected by private attachment and common objects of public pursuit. They thought it highly honourable to the minister to make such an offer to a gentleman who professed no attachment to him or his party, upon the undisputed grounds of fitness for the office, and they were convinced that he could accept it with a conscience equally free from the apprehension of political feeling on the bench and from the reproach of violating any principle of duty. Others who professed a great attachment to him and an equal interest in his reputation, could not pardon him for what they were pleased to insinuate was an apostasy from party. It is the justice of political factions to be more rigorous in exacting sacrifices from their adherents than generous in rewarding them. Mackintosh, however, was not openly attacked. The means taken to wound his reputation were by occasional sneers, and by the circulation of calumnies grounded upon a distorted view of facts. It is needless to specify or to allude to these, as he obtained ample amends for the mischief that was aimed at him by the full concession of those who had been most engaged in propagating reports to which they who knew him best had never given the slightest credit.

"As I profess only to give such particulars of him as fell within my own knowledge, I pass over the period of his service as Recorder of Bombay. He acquitted himself with honour in that office. He possessed every talent and every acquirement necessary for a judicial station. During the whole period of his service he was the sole judge of his court. The anxiety and labour he bestowed upon the consideration of some important cases were testified by his correspondence with his friends in England. He wrote to me occasionally on such subjects, as well as on others that he thought might attract my attention. I regret that I have not been able to find several of his letters on which I placed a high value.

"He returned to this country in 1812, after an absence of eight years, and found his friend Mr. Perceval at the head of public affairs. I had before learned from that minister himself, his wish to have the benefit of Sir James Mackintosh's assistance, and to place him in some eminent office, worthy of his talents and reputation. I expressed my doubt whether he could be induced to accept any political office in the existing state of parties, but I was not fully aware till the day of Mr. Perceval's death, that the proposal had actually been made and rejected. The circumstances will be thought worthy of narration by those who take an interest in the history and character of Sir James Mackintosh.

"My excellent and much valued friend, the late Lord Cawdor, made some communication to me on the subject of the representation of the county of Nairn in Scotland, in which his family and connexions had an influence, that would be important at the next general election. I ventured to suggest to him Sir James Mackintosh, as one who would do most honour to his lordship's interest, and who could not fail of being acceptable to that county as the neighbourhood of the seat of his birth and family. Lord Cawdor acquiesced without hesitation in all that I said; he had, however, but a slight personal knowledge of Sir James, and had heard some doubts cast upon his political principles. He was not desirous that the county of Nairn should be represented by any person that would accept office under the existing administration, and at all events would not himself be the instrument of recommending such a candidate. It was impossible that I could give him any positive assurance upon this point, upon which I had never conversed with my friend since his return from India, and I could not desire him to act on my opinion in so delicate an affair; especially as I had reason to believe that Sir James would be exposed to the temptation of office. It was therefore arranged that I should endeavour to ascertain from himself whether he persevered in those political sentiments and attachments which he was known to profess before he went to India, and whether they would so far prevail with him as to make him decline office. I proceeded without delay on my mission, and found him at home, in the act of folding up a letter.\*

"Sir James Mackintosh shortly afterwards proceeded to Cawdor Castle, where he passed a portion of the ensuing summer in cultivating the interest which he represented in the next Parliament. From the time of his arrival in this country, he had devoted much labour to the investigation of historical documents and papers, with a view to a great work which was expected from him. His anxiety to search for the

\* To Mr. Perceval already mentioned, and the details respecting which need not be here repeated.—Ed. LIA.

truth, and to leave no source of intelligence that came within his reach unexplored, gave him but little leisure for the task of composition. The superadded occupation of Parliament unfortunately contributed to that disappointment which has been experienced by his friends and the public. He soon took a leading part in the debates of the House of Commons; and it is enough to say that he lost nothing of his reputation by his performances there.

"If, however, I may be allowed to express an opinion on that subject, I should say that the House of Commons was not the theatre where the happiest efforts of his eloquence could either be made or appreciated. Whatever may be the advantages derived from the division of political men into parties, it is obvious that it must have an important influence upon the character of the debates in that assembly. The result of each discussion, and even the exact numerical division, being, upon most important questions, known beforehand, the speakers do not aim so much at conviction, as to give satisfaction to their respective parties, and to make the strongest case for the public. Hence a talent for exaggeration, for sarcasm, for giving a dexterous turn to the events of a debate, is more popular and, perhaps, more useful than the knowledge which can impart light, or the candour which seeks only for justice and truth. It is the main object of each party to vindicate itself, or to expose the antagonist party to indignation and contempt. Hence the most successful speaker—that is, he who is heard with the greatest pleasure, very often is one who abandons the point of debate altogether, and singles out from the adversary some victim whom he may torture by ridicule or reproach, or lays hold of some popular party topic, either to point the public indignation against his opponents, or to flatter the passions of his adherents. Many of the speeches are not, in effect, addressed to the supposed audience, but to the people; and consequently, like scene-painting, which is to be viewed at a distance, and by unskilful eyes, are more remarkable for the boldness of the figures, and the vivacity of the colouring, than for nature or truth. It is not the *genus deliberativum*,\* but the *genus demonstrativum*, of eloquence, that is most successful in the House of Commons. The highest praise of Sir James Mackintosh is, that he was, by disposition and nature, the advocate of truth. His eloquence and his powers were best fitted for that temperate sort of discussion, which, admitting every ornament of diction and illustration that can please the taste or the imagination, still addresses itself to the judgment, and makes the passions themselves captives to reason. He could not, without being easily foiled and surpassed, attempt that strain of invective and vituperation of all manner of things and persons which is sometimes so eminently successful in debate, not by the fascination of its charms, but by the force of terror, and which, though it may open the way to station and fortune, never either produces conviction, or leaves a sensation of pleasure behind. The mildness of his temper, the correctness of his judgment, the abundance of his knowledge, and the perfection of his taste, all combined to make him averse to the pursuit of applause, either by inflicting pain upon others, or by sacrificing truth and good feeling to the coarse appetite of the vulgar. It cannot be denied that, whenever the nature of the subject and the disposition of the House were favourable to his qualities as a speaker, he exhibited specimens of eloquence that were of the highest order, and elicited the most unqualified applause.

"I cannot here omit the mention of the first occasion when he might, without scruple or disparagement to his own honour, have accepted office; I mean the period when Mr. Canning was desired by his late Majesty to form a government.† It is no part of the present subject to enter into a history of the negotiation that took place between Mr. Canning and some of the Whig party at that time. But I can state, upon my own knowledge, the surprise and the concern Mr. Canning expressed, that the name of Sir James Mackintosh was not amongst the list of those who were proposed to form a coalition with him; he had certainly thought him, not in merit only, but in estimation, one of the foremost of his party, and he was aware of the sacrifices he had made to it. Shortly afterwards his Majesty was pleased to admit him of his Privy Council. Upon the last change of administration,‡ when a new ministry was formed by a coalition of individuals of all

the different parties in the State, but under the influence of Lord Grey, a subordinate place in the Board of Control was the reward of his long life of merit and exclusion. The difficulty of distributing office amongst so many expectants, must be the consolation to his friends, for this apparently inadequate station for one so eminent, and who had lost so much by his adherence to party. To those who are not in the secret, it must be matter at least of surprise, that neither parliamentary experience, nor a well-earned reputation, nor long-trying devotion, nor the habits of business, were so much in request as to find their way into any but a comparatively insignificant place at a board, at the head of which Sir James Mackintosh, rather than abandon his party, had, in other times, declined to preside. Such is the caprice of fortune, or the wantonness of power, in the distribution of favours! There is a certain degree of merit which is more convenient for reward than the highest. Caligula made his horse a consul, to show the absoluteness of his authority. Perhaps it is something of the same feeling which occasionally actuates princes and ministers in the honours they bestow. Those who can have no other claim to success than the pure, independent will of their patrons, are most striking examples of power, and are bound to them by a gratitude unqualified by any pretensions. Assuredly, those who knew the history of Sir James Mackintosh, and were conscious of his extraordinary acquirements, were as much surprised as Mr. Canning had been, to find that he was not placed in that cabinet, which he was so well fitted to inform by his wisdom, and to moderate by his counsels.

"It is not, however, my desire to speak of this illustrious man as a politician—much less as a party man. His merit and his pretensions have placed him, and will maintain him with posterity, in a position far above those who were engaged in the petty strife of party, and the contentions for power. His genius and his talents will shed a lustre over the age in which he lived, when his more fortunate competitors for temporary objects are forgotten. As an elegant writer, a consummate master of metaphysics and moral philosophy; as a profound historian; as an accomplished orator, he will be known to all future times. The charms of his conversation—the pleasure and the instruction which were found in his society, can be appreciated by contemporaries only, who enjoyed the opportunity of intercourse with him. They alone can bear testimony to that urbanity of manner, and that sweetness of temper, which mitigated the awe inspired by the superiority of his mind and the profoundness of his knowledge, and made the approach to him not only safe, but delightful—which conciliated confidence, and softened the emotions of envy. Of that passion he was himself altogether unconscious and incapable. His greatest pleasure was to find cause for encomium in others, and to draw merit from obscurity. He loved truth for its own sake, and exercised his mighty power in dialectics, not for his own reputation, but for the investigation of truth. As a critic, he was inclined more to candour than severity. He was touched by whatever was just, original, or worthy of praise; he sought after it with as much ardour as others feel in the detection of faults. His wit did not require the foil of deformity to give it splendour; its brilliancy was best displayed in illustrating beauty, for which he had the keenest relish. He possessed, in an eminent degree, one of the most amusing faculties of wit, a lively sense of the ridiculous; but he could laugh at folly without exciting anger or fear, could be just without an air of severity, entertaining without satire, and brilliant without sarcasm. No man ever lived more in society, or shone more in conversation; yet it would be difficult—I should say, impossible, to ascribe a sentiment, or even an original sentence to him, the least tinged with envy, malice, or uncharitableness.

"But I have been betrayed by the subject further than I intended. The memory of departed excellence, 'like the sound of distant music, is pleasing, though mournful to the soul.' Even this melancholy tribute, in awakening recollections of the past, is not without its charm. One thing only is wanting to make it a source of consolation, and even of pleasure—that he could be so conscious of the genuine affection and pious feeling with which it is paid.

"I am,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"J. SCARLETT."

\* "The *genus deliberativum* is for the senate; the *genus demonstrativum* is conversant in praise and blame."—*Cic. de Inventione*.

† April, 1827.

‡ November, 1830.